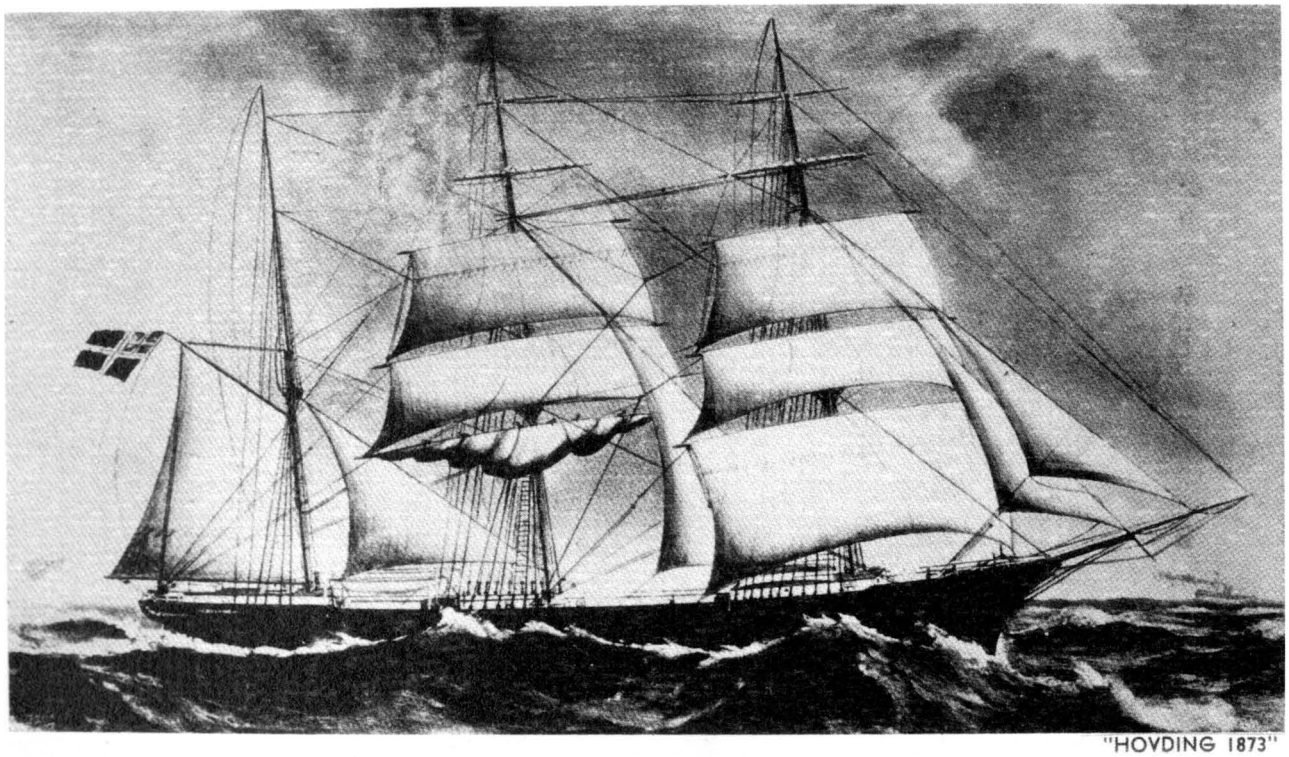
LINKS with the PAST



"HOVDING 1873"

Scandinavians in New Zealand

LINKS with the PAST

Scandinavians in New Zealand

First published 1989
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LINKS with the PAST

Scandinavians in New Zealand

These are our forbears, we are bone of their bone, flesh of their flesh...When we are born we move into a 'house' that we have not built; much of our destiny has already been shaped when that event occurs...We read history as if it were the story of individuals; history is the story of families, generation after generation. It is good for us both to understand and appreciate our heritage.

Bertil Erling.

SCANDINAVIAN CLUB OF HAWKES BAY

1989



On behalf of the Scandinavian Club of Hawkes Bay we should like to thank sincerely all who have contributed to this book. The original impetus came from a competition run as part of the preparations for the Fourth Scandinavian Gathering held at the Hawkes Bay Polytechnic over the 4-5 March 1989. Entrants were asked to write down their knowledge or memories of anything to do with their Scandinavian heritage: for some families this was the first time such things had been committed to paper, and some were kind enough to thank us for giving them the incentive.

We should like to thank Diane Hebley for judging the competition and for being most helpful with comments and suggestions. May we point out that some of the stories printed arrived after the closing date and so were not submitted to the judge. Our thanks go to those who lent us precious family photographs and to Martin Crysell who made the copies. Stanton Speedprint have also been very helpful to us throughout the whole project.

Editing has been kept to a minimum. We have printed all contributions without exception, and have omitted only such material as was repeated either within the story or between two stories. In fact, there was very little repetition;we were amazed and gratified by the diversity of information received and feel the result is an interesting and well-rounded book. We have endeavoured to the best of our ability to make sure that such things as dates and the spelling of names and places are accurate. but cannot be held responsible for any inaccuracies. Where there was some doubt as to the spelling of names we have kept the version used by the family concerned.

We hope you will enjoy reading the book as much as we have enjoyed putting it together. It is our hope that another club may 'pick up the ball' and produce another collection in the future.

Helen Williams

Norma Keesing

.....

Typed by Norma Keesing



FOREWORD

It is with pleasure and satisfaction that I have been associated with this story competition to celebrate the Fourth Scandinavian Gathering, March 1989. As a community, we have become aware that it is important for us to record the oral and social history of our forebears before their knowledge is taken with them to the grave. A competition such as this provides people with the incentive to do something necessary and pleasurable.

All that is written here has value. Interesting historical information is provided. For example, it was the German victory over the Danes in the Schleswig-Holstein war of 1864 that impelled many Danes to seek emigration. Some of the information, however, is family history and mainly of interest to the families concerned - who married whom and how many children were born and when. That is important too.

But even more important in general terms is the recording of the social conditions of the time and of the amazing courage required by the early Scandinavian settlers to face hardship and isolation. Such qualities were, of course, shared by pioneering settlers of other nationalities, but the Scandinavian men and women remembered here have these admirable human qualities in full measure. We salute them.

It was very difficult to select the most worthy pieces of writing, since many lack technical polish. Nevertheless, I would like to commend **A Story of Two Midsummers** (Colin Person) for its attempt through flashback to compare life in the old country with life in the new; **A Brave Pioneer** (Mavis Sattrup) for allowing us to 'see' the life style of one particular woman; **Tales my Grandmother told me** (Vivienne Hawken) for its scope and freshness; and **The Trip Back to Östli** (Björn P Treider), though short, for its evocativeness. The overall winner for depth and vividness is **A Tribute to Hans Peter Mortensen** by Margaret Andersen.

Since most of the stories are of a serious nature, one more offering is worth mentioning for its humour - **Reminiscences of my Grandfather**, a collection of anecdotes by Denis Pedersen.

Thank you to all contributors and happy reading to everyone.

DIANE HEBLEY

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ANTON AND BODIL BERNTSEN

- JILL BURN

In 1872 sixteen Danish families travelled from Denmark to England to join the "Ballarat" which was sailing to New Zealand with English, Scottish and Irish immigrants. One of these families was that of Anton and Bodil Berntsen from Moen, Denmark and their five children; Niels Johan, aged eleven; Johanne, aged eight; Anna, aged six; Jorgen (Peter George) aged four; and Carl Johan aged nine months.

They paid for their tickets so were not assisted immigrants.

The "Ballarat" berthed at Napier on the 15 September 1872, the same day as the "Høvding" from Norway. The families met up and five days later the men left on their march south. The women and children followed, a fortnight later, in wagons and met the men at Norsewood - the beginning of the bush.

From Norsewood it took them two days to walk to Dannevirke, (spending a night at Matamau) climbing up hills and down to the bottom of gullies, along bridle tracks. Each family had a pack horse on which they carried all their worldly goods. Niels piggy-backed his little brothers part of the way.

One big tent had been erected on the banks of the Mangatera Stream and ten families stayed there for a short time, while eleven families set up house in another tent by the Maungapurapura Stream. Later there was a store but food items were very expensive and often not available. The main items on the menu were bread and wild pig.

Immediately on arrival on the fifteen of October 1872 the twenty-one families balloted for sections. Anton Berntsen drew Section Number 22, a strip from High Street to the Tapuata Stream. Here he built the first pit-sawn timber house in Dannevirke, recorded forever by photographs. The Dannevirke Knox Presbyterian Church now stands on that site. Later, Anton moved to Mangatera.

The building of roads and rail gave the men employment and extra money at the rate of 5/- per day.



Niels, the oldest child, married Ingeborg Ries, a sister of Pastor Ries, in 1897 and farmed at Waipatiki, east of Dannevirke. They had six children, Anton, Andreas, Johannes, Kristine, Johanne and Niels. Kristine who married Douglas Ross lives at Flaxmere, Hastings.

Johanne married a Mr Morrison and they had one child, Lisa. Unfortunately, we have lost contact with Lisa, who married a Mr Wardell and had five children.

Anna married Vincens Rasmussen, had six children and lived in Dannevirke.

Peter George married Ingeborg's sister, Attine Ries and they farmed at Awariki north-east of Dannevirke. Of their five children the surviving three live in Dannevirke. They are Kristine Marie Berntsen, Anne Ross and Elizabeth Gjording.

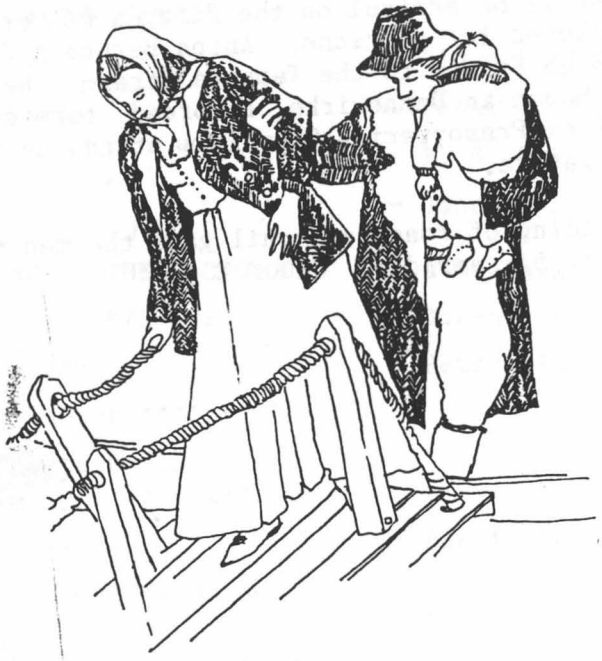
The youngest child, Carl Johan (Charlie) married Clarissa Hart from Weber. They had a carrying and taxi business in Dannevirke and also farmed in this area. They produced nine children (seven daughters and two sons). The youngest daughter Carlena (Lena Mitchell) lives in Wellington.

Anton Berntsen at the age of fifty-six was killed while breaking in a horse in 1895. Bodil died in 1897 at the age of sixty-four.

Anton and Bodil had twenty-seven grandchildren but only four great-grandchildren carry on the name of Berntsen, so to us they are rather special people.

A reunion of the descendants of Anton and Bodil was held in Dannevirke on Saturday and Sunday the 21-22 January, 1989.

(Jill Burn. is a daughter of Andreas Ries Berntsen and a great-granddaughter of Anton and Bodil).



THE PETER NIKOLAISON STORY

- SELWYN NIKOLAISON

Olaf Nikolaison and his wife Anna Catrina were both born in Sweden and went to Denmark around 1855 where they met, and married in 1858 in Sall Church.

At the time Anna Catrina was a dairy maid at Frijsendorg Manor and Olaf was a farmhand in the neighbouring manor of Jermet. They had four children two of whom died soon after birth. The other two, Peter and Niels and a friend Niels Emil, accompanied them to New Zealand.

Olaf was third son of Niclas Bergman, a soldier in the Swedish Army, and Karna Jonsdotter from Glimakra. They had four sons and one daughter, namely, Nils, Jons, Anders, Ole and Kjerston. Niclas Bergman died in 1831 aged 43. Anna Catrina Petersdotter (Nikolaison) was born in Berga and was the third daughter of Peter Eliasson and Charlotte Gustadotter, the others being:-

Christina	born 1 11 1822	died -
Maja Stana	born 30 6 1828	died -
Maria	born 17 9 1839	died 10 7 1840
Maria	born 2 11 1842	died 23 6 1853
Johan Gustaf	born 7 12 1845	died 8 5 1846
Christina	born 8 10 1848	died 18 11 1848
Johan Gustaf	born 27 5 1850	Emigrated to America 8 9 1871

.....

On 16 November 1874 Olaf Nikolaison and his wife Anna Catrina Petersdotter left Soeby Parish, Jutland, Denmark with two sons Peter Aaron Olafson and Niels Ortvig and an adopted son Niels Emil Larsson Truedsson bound for Napier, New Zealand.

They boarded the 'Fritz Reuter' at Hamburg and set sail on the 25 November 1874 with 470 passengers, mostly Danes. All was well until they encountered a severe storm in the North Sea. The foremast was wrecked, so they had to put back to Cuxhaven for repairs. The Captain and the First Mate who were badly injured in the storm were replaced. The passengers, who had suffered rather badly in the storm, were put ashore and billeted in dance saloons. One family contracted scarlet fever and had to be left behind. On the 16 December they left Cuxhaven direct for Napier, New Zealand via Cape of Good Hope. There were 440 souls, that is 371 adults and the children being counted as half or a quarter according to age. It is to be noted that the number was about 100 less than on the original journey some having had enough and returned home. Many did however, follow later.

After passing around the Cape of Good Hope they must have kept well south, probably for favourable winds, as it was recorded that some alarm was felt at the number of icebergs seen. The Captain's judgment must have been well founded as they were off New Zealand's coast in eleven weeks and although it was a record for a sailing ship at that time, it took two more weeks to reach Napier as the Captain did not like Cook Strait and so sailed right around the South Island and up the East Coast arriving at Napier on 16 March 1875.

Healthwise the voyage had been very severe for the passengers. A few days out, scarlet fever and typhoid fever broke out and additional nursing staff had to be enlisted. Thirteen deaths occurred - three adults and ten children. There were five births. Fortunately the fevers were well controlled as when the ship arrived in Napier all were given a clean bill of health.

They were taken ashore in lighters and walked to the Constabulary Barracks on what is now Napier's Hospital Hill where they stayed for about 10 days. From Napier they entrained and travelled to Paki Paki - the end of the line at that time. From there they travelled on horse-drawn wagons and drays to Waipawa and Waipukurau and on to Takapau the second day. This was the first glimpse they had of the 70 mile bush which extended unbroken almost to where Masterton is today. According to Mr Lehndorph's aacount of the journey, they stayed in Takapau for six months until the survey was completed and sections allocated. As soon as this was complete they moved to their sections in the dense bush.

The Nikolaison section was on the extreme end of the survey nearest Ormondville, which was not in existence until some time later when the railway came through. Here they felled the bush and built a cottage across the road from the present Alpha homestead but nearer Ormondville. Peter helped his parents establish a home while working in the bush cutting sleepers for the railway line and material for the viaduct which was made entirely of timber. Peter married Charlotte Andersen in 1878. It is not known where they lived until 1881 when they bought a farm at Matamau. The rest of the family lived on at Ormondville. Nils Emil died about 1888 and was probably buried at Norsewood. Olaf died in 1892 and Anna Katrina in 1911 - both are buried in the Norsewood cemetery. After the death of the old people Niels inherited the farm and built a dairy factory which ran for many years. He died in 1945 and is buried in Ormondville.

In October 1881 Peter purchased a 40 acre farm in Matamau on what is now Factory Road, from Ole Larsen. The original purchaser was Christian Marcus Christiansen, 1877. In those days Dannevirke must have been small as it has been recalled by Rhueben Schaare that Peter and Charlotte would call on his parents on the way to Makotuku for stores. The bush was very dense as Peter recalled being lost and spending the night out. It was during this time that he arrived home to find that two of his small children had died of diptheria and there being no undertaker or minister he emptied a tin trunk and buried them together on the property. I have not been able to find any official records of these births or deaths or their names, but the surnames would be Olssen.

Moving to Willow Dell Norsewood in 1892 Peter soon got to work and constructed a dam across Butcher Creek and a water wheel which he used to drive the separator and churn. He bought milk from neighbouring farmers, separated it, made butter and took it to Dannevirke and sold it for three pence a pound. He also had a long wire rope as a belt connected to a drive in the barn some chains away for driving a threshing machine and chaff cutter. He was the first in Norsewood to own a mowing machine and later a

reaper and binder. This being the horse era, chaff was needed, so he acquired a steam engine and portable chaffcutter which he used in the district for many years.

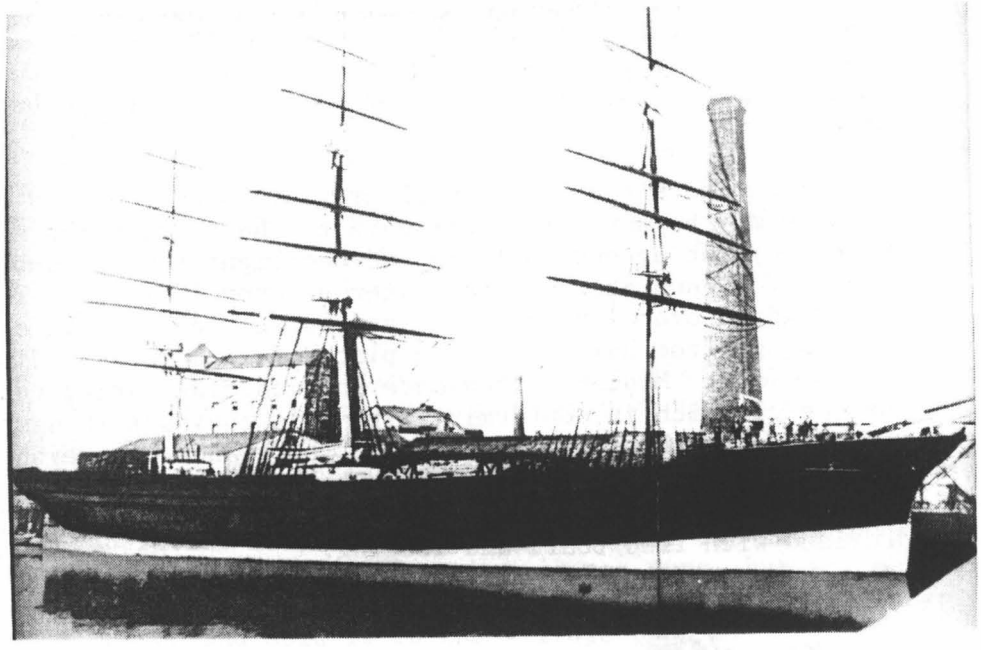
On 27 October 1907 Charlotte died leaving seven of the family ranging in age from seven to 27 years. In 1908 Peter remarried, this time to Mary Ann Pallesen, eldest daughter of Jorgan and Karen Pallesen who at that time owned "Mountain Home" Whetukura.

Some time after Bazel was born Peter and Mary took over the Whetukura property where the other three boys were born. It was while Peter lived there that he patented the double hillside reversible disc plough and wheel. Both Peter and Mary died close together in 1934 and are buried in the Norsewood cemetery.

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This account was originally written as an introduction to the Nikolaison family tree, produced by Selwyn and Edna Nikolaison for the family reunion in August, 1986.

.....



The "Fritz Reuter".

Mr Nikolaison adds that he recalls his father describing the ship as sailing "right round the hill." He believes that the ship anchored opposite Corunna Bay (which is now, of course, since the earthquake, high and dry). In the Botanical Gardens, Napier, he has seen a well which he believes was the water supply for the Barracks.

NEW BEGINNINGS

- CECILY CHARLTON-JONES

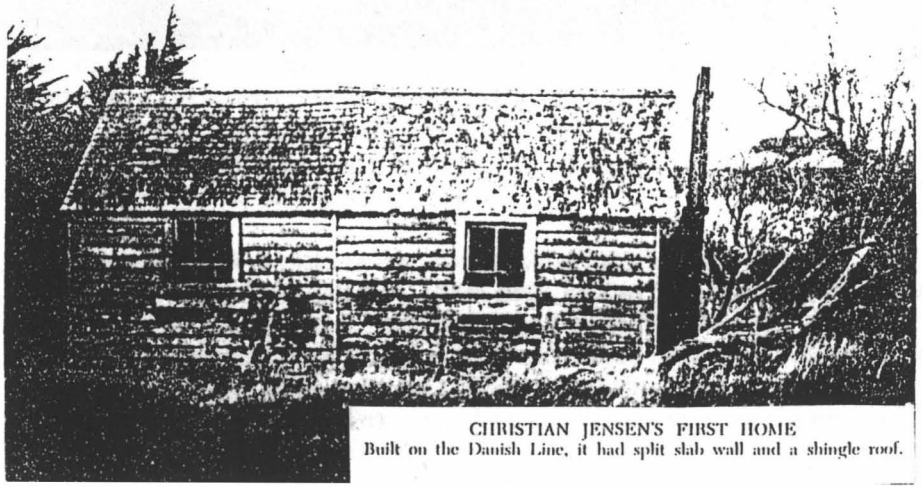
For the Christen Jensen family the 25 day of November 1874 was sailing day from Hamburg. They came from Holstebro in Jutland. The passage numbers 285 and 286 listed their names.

Father (my great-grandfather)		Christen Jensen aged 46 years
His wife Gydine Christina aged 46 years		
Their children	-	Jens Kolle aged 16 years
		Christen Nielsen aged 14 years
(My grandmother)		Laura Matilda aged 10 years
		Jorgen Christian aged 8 years
		Axel Thorval aged 5 years
Ticket 286		Morten Christian aged 20 years

Nowhere on the contract does it name the ship but we know it to be the 'Fritz Reuter'. The fares cost 102 Rigsdaler 48 Skillings. According to a 1920 Webster's Dictionary a Rixdaller was worth anything between 30 cents - $1.15 American.

The bill of fare seems quite adequate although rather monotonous fare when you remember it took three to four months to get here. Breakfast consisted of coffee, bread and butter or biscuits and butter. Dinner was soup, beef, pork or fish. Tea, bread or biscuits and butter was served for supper.

"Passengers receive as much provisions as they can eat, in as much as no abuse may be perceived in regard to the consumption of the same..... In the payment agreed on is included freight for 20 Hamburg Cubikfeet of luggage for each Steerage passenger of over 12 years. The half quantity for children over 1 year. Good and sufficient fare in cooked state during the passage from Hamburg to the place of landing according to the annexed bill of fare. Medical attendance and medicine during the voyage over. If the vessel which in conformity with this contract is destined to forward the emigrant, should by any accident or chance be prevented from accomplishing the voyage, the emigrant ought to be forwarded by a ship as good as the former. In such case the emigrant must during the period of seourn be provided with free board and lodging."



CHRISTIAN JENSEN'S FIRST HOME
Built on the Danish Line, it had split slab wall and a shingle roof.

The Olaf Nikolaison family were also passengers (see the Peter Nikolaison story - Ed).

I have an account my father Christian N L Nikolaison wrote about the journey out:

".....In November 1874 a ship-load of Danish immigrants left Hamburg in the ship 'Fritz Reuter', but while crossing the North Sea they ran into a storm which dismasted the ship. The captain steered in to Cuxhaven and after stepping a new mast set sail again for New Zealand. But all the folk didn't sail this time, some decided not to brave the elements but came out later on better ships. One person who came later was my mother (Laura Matilda) who arrived by the SS 'Rangitiki' in 1884 and married my father (Niels) in 1885. Another passenger to change his mind was my mother's brother, J K Jensen. He decided to go to America but stayed at sea for many years as a ship's carpenter. (I have a chest which he made on the Indian Ocean. It is made of teak and is as good as the day it was made. It has lovely hand-made brass hinges and handles). Several others went back to Denmark too and came out later. Those who arrived in 1875 in March in Napier, just alongside Tuck's Timber Yard were settled on Norsewood-Ormondville Road. Dad's father drew Section 164, which is the one where we live and bounds the township of Ormondville sections, hence the reason it bears the name of "Alpha Farm" - first on the road to Norsewood".

.....

Another member of the family related how dismayed the women-folk were when they arrived and saw the conditions under which they were expected to live. Great-grandfather Jensen, being a wise and gentle man, was asked to console and encourage the ladies and try to enthuse them to set about making a home - in a tent, at first, I presume - until the slab huts could be built. The bush was very thick and the trees very tall and large - a formidable task indeed.

Grandfather Niels Nikolaison was twelve years old, quite old enough to help fell the bush. The stump of his first tree has now disappeared but it lasted for nearly 100 years. He later worked at a mill in Makotuku. The railway was being pushed through from Napier to Woodville and four viaducts were necessary in this area, and with road making as well, there was plenty of work. Grandfather must either have taken over the farm when he married or after his father died in 1892. We are not sure, but we do know that he became a successful dairy farmer, rearing a family of six children. Grandmother made butter and sold it to the village people.

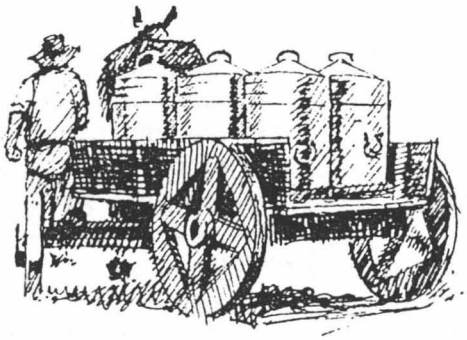
Soon a butter-factory was established - about 1890 - and continued until they sold out to Norsewood in 1931. In the early 1920's a modern brick building was built but during the depression it was completely removed. Now only the concrete foundations are left as evidence of its existence.

The Jensen family drew a section further along the road towards Norsewood and also became dairy farmers. Uncle Morten worked at the saw-mills and became a trader of fencing materials. Many years later he was the chief fencer for Grandfather Niels here on "Alpha Farm".



The factory buildings, house and big barn.





Butter makers: (right to left) Niels Nikolaison, his elder son Olaf, Peter Pallesen.

And so the years passed. I, a great grand-daughter, feel privileged to be living on the original section. Sometimes I gaze out over the clean paddocks of beautiful pasture and try to picture it in standing bush. I wonder what it was like when the westerly winds blew a gale and the easterly winds brought a week of rain - trying to get the fire going for hot water or prepare the evening meal, or trying to get the family washing dry. I can only admire their qualities of endurance, ingenuity and ability for sheer hard work, and their success, the results of which I now enjoy. I am so glad I was not a pioneer.

LIFE IN A NEW LAND FOR MARTIN AND ROSE SEVERINSEN

- IRIS CRUMP

Martin Severinsen was born 15 July 1855 at the home of his parents Severin and Grette Johansen. (Their children all took the name of Severinsen for their surname: up until that time in Denmark it was only the eldest son who took the father's christian name with -sen [son] added for his surname).

The family lived in a cottage near Barrit not very distant from Horsens, Denmark. Martin had a younger brother and sister Kristian and Katrina. The cottage is still well kept and lived in today.

Martin at nineteen years of age decided to emigrate to New Zealand. Kristian, then aged seventeen, wanted to go with him; Martin agreed, but first extracted a promise from Kristian that no matter what conditions they encountered he would not complain.

They sailed in the 'Friedeburg'as assisted immigrants, leaving on the 10 May 1875 arriving at the Port of Napier on the 25 August, three and a half months later. The fare was £33. The shipping company wanting to make the journey as profitable as possible kept the immigrants on short rations. Martin unashamedly told of stealing a loaf of bread from the ship's galley; two other starving passengers saw him and gave chase and he had to share the loaf with them.





On arrival at Napier the immigrants spent six days at the army barracks; Martin and Kristian then walked inland to the back country where they split fence posts for a living. En route one night, as they sheltered under a flax bush from the rain, Kristian began to complain and Martin reminded him of his promise.

In 1876 they drew a forty acre section of land at Blackburn and set to work on clearing the thick forest trees to establish a farm; as they felled and burnt the trees, grass seed was sown in the clearings.

.....

John and Clara Alder had also taken up a block of land near the Severinsens. They had come from King Stanley, near Stroud in the Cotswold Hills of Gloucestershire, England.

With their family of six children - Rosanna aged 14; Emily aged 12; Charles aged 10; Walter aged 9; Henry aged 4; and Ellen they had sailed aboard the 'Bebington' leaving England on the 28 July 1874. On arrival at Napier on the 20 November 1874 they stayed five days at the barracks. Rosanna and Emily being over twelve years of age, were classed as adults and therefore had to state their occupation so they were classified as nursemaids (Rosanna worked as a nursemaid for A'Deanes at Ashcott before she married).

From the barracks they transferred to Te Aute where John, who had been a brickmaker in England, was hired by M McKirdy to work on the construction of the railway; he later took up land at Blackburn. They had a seventh child Elizabeth born 1876.

.....

Rose (Rosanna Alder born 13 November 1859) married Martin Severinsen on the 1 May 1877. The parson rode out from Waipawa to marry them, arriving a day earlier than arranged but that didn't seem to pose any problem; Martin apparently said "Well, I suppose today is as good as tomorrow".

It was a hard life for the early settlers, a totally different life style from which they were accustomed. Martin worked in the flourmills in Denmark and Rose in the cottonmills in England. They now had to survive in the bush living in a slab hut with a dirt floor, using a broom made from manuka brush to sweep it clean. They later had a board floor and were very proud when they could afford a pane of glass to replace the sack that hung in the window frame. Clearing the forest trees was a slow arduous task as time had to be spent working elsewhere earning money for necessities.

There were no roads in those early days; the men often tramped for miles with heavy loads on their backs. Pack horses were also used when they could afford to purchase them, to transport supplies; later horse drawn drays were used where possible along stretches of the Tukituki River bed. Stores had to be brought in from Waipawa some twenty miles away. The trip was only undertaken twice yearly so the order had to be very carefully gone through to see that only the absolute necessities were on the list.

Bush pigeon supplemented their diet and wild pig when they could get it. Just to illustrate the shortage of any luxuries in their diet Rose cried when their hen laid its first egg.

It is impossible for us today, surrounded by luxury and modern transport to begin to realize the hardships the early settlers had to endure. It seems now a great shame that all that beautiful bush has been destroyed but at that time it was necessary for their survival to clear the bush to get the land into production. In the process of doing so there was always a great danger to human life as the bush trees were felled and burnt. Many times bush fires blown with the wind raged around them and they had to fight the fire to save their homes, not always with success.

Kristian Severinsen stayed eight years in New Zealand and then returned to Denmark. It was many years before Martin took the trip home to see his family in Denmark.

In the late 1880's Martin bought land in North Makaretu; using his farm at Blackburn as collateral he borrowed £5 from the local store-keeper as a down payment. He did well at farming. He later sold the land at Blackburn and bought up blocks of land nearby his home at Makaretu and eventually owned about 1 500 acres.

Martin and Rose had nine children. John, the eldest, was born in 1878; then followed Margaret, Annie, Maria, Frank, Charles, Jane, Raymon, and Walter. Raymon died suddenly in 1926 from peritonitis, at the age of thirty years.

Martin's family all followed the farming life; the three eldest sons farmed at Makaretu and Ashley Clinton and some of their descendants farm there today. Margaret and her husband Kristian Pedersen farmed at Te Uri. Annie married John Thomsen and they farmed at Takapau. Maria married John Sattrup; they bought land near Rotorua, then after a number of years shifted to River Road, Hamilton and later to Tauwhare also near Hamilton. (Maria was the only member of the family to shift away from Hawkes Bay). Jane and her husband Rishworth Chadwick farmed near Dannevirke. Walter, the youngest son, first farmed near Waipukurau and then South Makaretu. Later he gave up farming and was the storekeeper at North Makaretu.

Rose died on the 4 day of December 1913 at the age of fifty-four. A new home was built by the Coles Brothers of Onga Onga close to the old one a year or so later. The new homestead was called 'Roselea' and is situated on Severinsen Road, Makaretu. Martin later remarried, this time a widow, Maria Christinia Hansen who had a daughter Ivy by her previous marriage.

Martin died at his home in 1939 on his eighty-fourth birthday; his wife left Makaretu to live with her daughter, Mrs Jensen at Taihape. The farm was run for a few years by the trustees and then sold to Mr McCormack and his son, Bill. A number of years later it was bought by Mr Eric Hardy the present owner.

There are now a great number of descendants from Martin and Rose living in many parts of New Zealand; a few have gone to Australia. Any Severinsens living in New Zealand today are more than likely to have descended from Martin and Rose.

Written by Iris Crump with the help of her two sisters, Agnes Severinsen and Mary Kirk (grandaughters of Martin Severinsen).

ANDREAS AND MAREN OLSEN - LIFE IN A NEW LAND

- NORMA KEESING

"Maren. We are going to emigrate!" This statement came as no surprise to Maren. For some time now Andreas had been in another world with his thoughts - a pre-occupied, decision making world and Maren suspected he had emigration on his mind.

They were sitting beside the fire, the outside work done for the day; he was smoking his pipe and she was sewing. Maren was quiet for a time while she digested the news.

"Oh yes, Andreas. And where are we going?"
"To New Zealand," came the reply.

Maren didn't know exactly where New Zealand was and she was sure Andreas probably only had a vague idea. "And when do we leave?"

"We leave from Christiania on the 'Høvding' on the 24 of August."
"So soon?" Maren felt alarmed. "But the baby, Andreas!"
"We can't wait for any baby. When the ship sails we have to be on it."
"Have to be on it?" Maren queried; he was so emphatic with his <u>have</u> to be.
"Yes. I have paid the money required for the passage. We haven't anything left. It took all we had. We have to go."

They sat in silence, each engrossed with their own thoughts, for although he had sounded so sure about the decision to emigrate, Andreas did feel more than a little apprehensive about the decision.

In bed that night, Andreas was very restless. What a decision for a man to have to make, thought Maren who couldn't sleep. She was thrilled with excitement about the coming adventure but at the same time filled with fear of the unknown. As she lay awake she thought about all she would be leaving behind her - her friends; her family; the little village of Odaten some 30-40 miles from Christiania where she had grown up and which she knew so well. Never had it seemed so precious to her as it did now. New Zealand not her beloved Norway, would be her home and New Zealand was a long, long way away. It would take months to get there and although she had heard marvellous reports about the country from the agents sent to Norway to encourage the people to go to that new land, with four children and another baby to be born, the future was certainly unknown. And there was no question of not going. Andreas had made up his mind and as his wife she would do as he said. Eventually sleep came to her.

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The 'Høvding' with the Olsen family listed as passengers Number 392 sailed from Christiania on the 24 day of August, 1873 and berthed in Napier on the first day of December the same year.

For all the fear of the unknown in a strange country, Maren was very pleased to step on to dry land at last. During the voyage a daughter had been born to them, but her birth had been greatly overshadowed by the death of their third son, Casper, aged two years. Oh how Maren longed for that child; to hold him in her arms again. She knew the ache in her heart would be there always. Buried at sea, there would be no grave or monument for her to visit or tend.

Because of the limited space on board the ship many of their treasured possessions had to be left behind, but Maren had brought her precious spinning wheel which was going to be put to good use in the coming years. Andreas brought his carpentry tools and they were to prove invaluable.

The barracks where they stayed for the first few days after their arrival were very stark and bare but dry and clean and a great improvement and very much more comfortable than on board the ship. After the monotonous dried food on the voyage the fresh meat and vegetables and the milk for the children was wonderful. Perhaps this was going to be the semi-tropical paradise they were told they were coming to, after all.

But life was not going to be easy in this new land and was certainly not the paradise they had been promised. There was no turning back - they had committed themselves to a new land and a new life and that was that.

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Andreas Olsen was one of five by the same name who came to New Zealand on the 'Høvding'. To make identification easier they were known by their occupations and he was known as Carpenter Olsen. He was aged thirty-three years and had no regrets on leaving his homeland. His parents were both dead and he had no brothers or sisters. Maren and his children were his life and he would work very hard for them in this new land. To own his own land was a dream he had always had but that had been impossible in Norway. Here he had been allotted a piece of land at Garfield (just south of Norsewood) and as soon as it was cleared he supported his family by farming and carpentry.

He built the Methodist Church in Norsewood (since demolished) and became a director of the Co-operative Dairy Company on the 22 February 1896.

He was a tall man with a long white beard, blue eyes and a happy disposition. He died at the age of eighty years on the third of April 1919 in Norsewood and is buried in the Norsewood Cemetery.



Maren was aged thirty years when they sailed from Norway. She lived in or around Norsewood until she died at nearly ninety-one years of age. An obituary notice from the Dannevirke Evening News tells her life story;

'There passed away at the residence of Mrs E Berkahn, Whetukura, recently (first of July, 1935) one of Norsewood's oldest and most highly respected and esteemed residents in the person of Mrs Maren Olsen, relic(t) of the late Mr Andreas Olsen (carpenter) also of Norsewood, who predeceased her sixteen years ago. Born in Norway in 1845, deceased had reached the advanced age of 90 years and had enjoyed comparatively good health to within a month of her death. She came to New Zealand 62 years ago, together with her husband and four young children in the sailing ship Hooding (Høvding) and landed at Napier. A few days later they with the first band of Norwegian pioneers, treked inland as far as Norsewood which was at that time untouched, virgin, and dense bush. This trek was a severe ordeal to both Mr and Mrs Olsen, as they practically had to walk the whole of the distance carrying some of their belongings on their backs, and Mrs Olsen having to carry in her arms an infant child born on board ship on the way to New Zealand. Arriving at Norsewood they had to begin carving out a home for themselves, under the most trying conditions, going through the hardships and privations of those early days, but with characteristic cheerfulness and fortitude and the other ability to adapt herself to the conditions surrounding her, the late Mrs Olsen proved herself a true type of the hardy Norse race of people. Associating herself with the Norsewood Methodist Church at its inception she remained a staunch and a most faithful member and one true to its teachings. Possessing a winsome personality and a very lovable disposition, deceased was ever kind, sympathetic and hospitable to all with whom she came in contact, consistantly revealing by word and deed a truly Christ-like spirit. The late Mrs Olsen had retained all her faculties to the last. She had a clear and retentive memory and could relate incidents from her earliest childhood without any apparent effort.

The funeral took place at the Norsewood cemetery, and her mortal remains were laid to rest before a very large gathering of relatives and friends, which bore evidence of the respect in which the departed was held. A service was held in the church, conducted by the Rev. Mr Bayliss, and at the graveside by Mr W. E. Sleep and Capt. Rawcliffe assisted.

There are eight children to mourn the loss of a loving mother in the truest sense of the word: Messrs Ole Olsen, (Hastings), Martin Olsen, (Maramarua, Thames), and Anton Olsen (Ngamoko Road, Norsewood), Mrs B. Levy (Sydney, New South Wales) Mrs L. M. Johansen (Palmerston North) Mrs M. Bai (Auckland), Mrs E. Bond (Napier) and Mrs E. Berkahn (Whetukura). There are also 26 grandchildren and 42 great-grandchildren.'

A wonderful tribute to a truly great lady.

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Six more children were born to Andreas and Maren in New Zealand. So as well as Bertha aged nine years; Ole aged seven years; Martinus aged four years, and Annie (born on the voyage); Matilda (Tilly), Sarah, Hilda, Anton, Caroline (Carrie) and Hans were born into the family.

Ole married Mary Petronella Bolstead who died. He then married a widow, Mrs Retta. Ole died on the 10 November 1948 aged 82 years.

Bertha or Bessie as she was known married Mr Levy and went to Australia.

Martinus or Martin as he became known married Martha Sheffler (Scheffler).

Annie married Ludwig Johansen and is buried in Palmerston North.

Matilda married Thomas (?) Bai and is buried in Norsewood. They had several children, possibly five.

Sarah Olene married Eli Bond and they had two sons Raymond Elvidge and Bruce Alexander Godley. Sarah died at Napier on the 18 April 1939 and is buried in the Norsewood Cemetery.

Hilda married Ernest Berkahn and is buried in Palmerston North (no family).

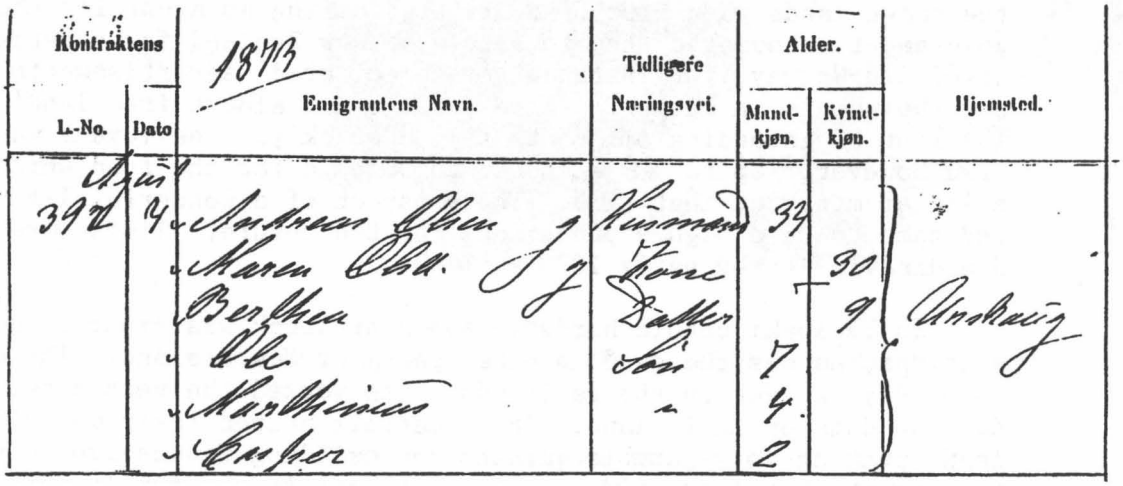
Anton married Alice Ashton and had no family. He died in Norsewood at the age of sixty-six years on the 3 December, 1943. They at one time owned the Te Rehunga Store.

Caroline married Sam Fredericksen and had two daughters. She died in Napier on the 8 December 1907 aged thirty-one years and is buried in the Norsewood Cemetery.

Hans died at the age of 25 years in a tree-felling accident on the 1 May 1904 and is buried in the Norsewood Cemetery.

.....

This story of my great grandparents is written with the help of my father Raymond Bond whose mother was Sarah Olene (Bond).



Kontraktens L.-No.	Kontraktens Dato	1873 Emigrantens Navn.	Tidligere Næringsvei.	Alder. Mandkjøn.	Alder. Kvindkjøn.	Hjemsted.
392	4 Aug	Andreas Olsen	Husmand	34		
		Maren Olsd.	Kone		30	
		Bertha	Datter		9	Aarhuus
		Ole	Søn	7		
		Martinus	"	4		
		Caspar		2		

EARLY SCANDINAVIAN SETTLERS IN TARANAKI

- EUNICE BALDOCK

Among the sailing vessels which brought Scandinavian immigrants to New Zealand under the Vogel Government Scheme in the 1870's there were four which carried the sixteen families bound for Taranaki. They were the 'Reichstag', the 'Humboldt', the 'Fritz Reuter', and the 'Lammershagen'.

On the 7 September 1874 the Taranaki Herald reported in the shipping column that the SS'Taranaki' had arrived at Moturoa, New Plymouth from Wellington with nine Scandinavian immigrant families on board. A further notice appeared in the Taranaki Herald on the 7 July 1875 stating that another 52 immigrants would disembark at Moturoa from the same vessel which had come from Wellington via Hokitika. On arrival the settlers were transported to Mission House on Marsland Hill, New Plymouth where they were housed until they were allocated their sites and could move into tents on their land.

The government contract with the settlers was for railroads to be built twelve miles into the bush and be finished within twelve months. The settlers would receive a forty acre lot which had to be cleared of standing bush within twelve months; otherwise the land would revert back to the government. I have never learned of any such occurrence, but according to my relatives this was correct.

There were no particular areas in Taranaki made up of Scandinavians. They settled in Kent, Dudley and Norfolk Roads in the Inglewood area and further south in Tariki, Midhurst and Stratford. They also settled in Omata, Ohura and Uruti.

Scandinavians never fully realised how far away New Zealand was from their own lands when Bror Eric Friberg, acting as agent for the New Zealand government encouraged them to settle in New Zealand for a better way of life! In Norway, for instance, 'rose-coloured' advertisements appeared and set the wheels in motion. 'Free passage and almost free land' were offered. The list of intending emigrants filled quickly. The voyage was not quite free however. Up to £8 each had to be paid for the food which was quite a lot of money at that time. The prospect of a wonderful life in a new land led them to have high expectations for the future. Times were hard in Scandinavia in the early 1870's.

In Taranaki untold hardship and heartbreak was experienced by the settlers, as was the case in other parts of New Zealand. The men worked three days a week on the railroads, then worked the next three days from dawn to dusk on their land. The womenfolk helped their men clear their land, putting in vegetable gardens and building fences around their tents to protect them from wild animals. The men in the family were often quite a distance away, working.

On Sundays Mr Storrings would hold a church service in his tent for the settlers as there was no minister in the area. It was useless to attend a service in an English church because of the language problem. Mr Storrings would also take the children for Sunday School. After service on Sundays, particularly if it was held in the evenings, settlers would gather in their tents and play cards. Sometimes they would dance in the area of their tents if the ground around was reasonably flat. Sometimes it would be coffee and a sing-along. Many were the evenings when the children were in bed and the adults were playing cards, that unearthly stories about things that go bump in the night were told. The children in bed lay there with their covers pulled up close to their heads, not wanting to miss a word.

After about twelve months most settlers had their own little farms. They found the language difficult and on this account found trading was not easy. The "Taranaki Herald" published prices of food and goods regularly and this was of great assistance. Prices for 31 September 1875 were as follows:

Butchers meat, beef 4 pence to 6 pence a pound. Pork 7 to 8 pence. Milk 6 pence a quart. Butter 1 shilling and 10 pence per pound. Lard 8 pence per pound. Bacon 1 shilling per pound. Potatoes 6 shillings per hundredweight. Onions 3 pence per pound, carrots 3 pence per bunch. Cabbage 1 penny each.

Hay 6 pound per ton. Strong cows 8 pounds 8 shillings each. Poor dairy cows 4 pound 10 shillings. Yearlings 2 pound 10 shillings to 3 pounds each. Two-years-olds mixed 3 pounds 15 shillings each.

These prices were appropriate for the times.

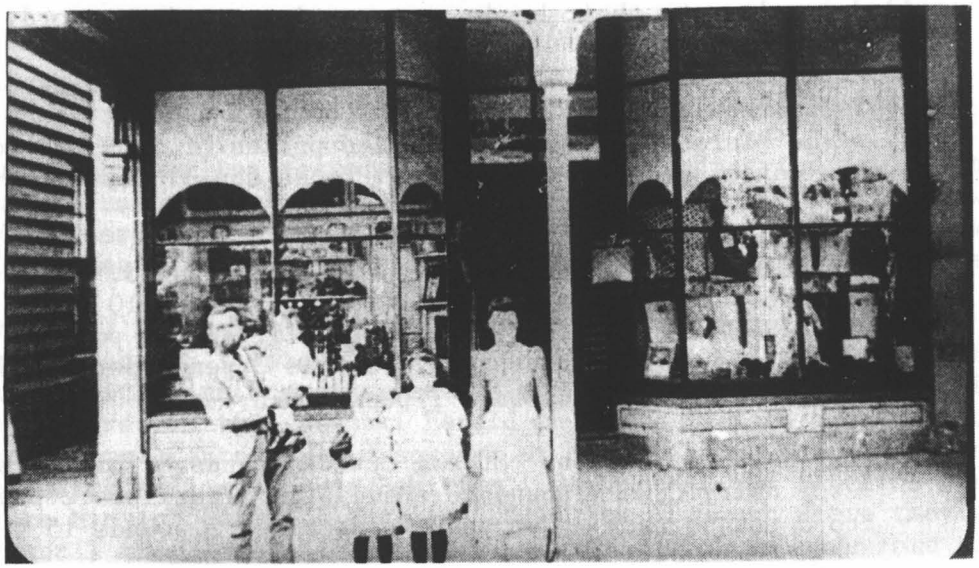


Early Taranaki

The following are known names of the sixteen Scandinavian families to settle in Taranaki:

Christian Martin Sorensen; Jens Larsen; Thirklesen; Havabier; Schroder; Nielsen; Jens Peter Mortensen; Ole Christian Johansen; Andersen; Schreiber; Olsen; Storrings; Lawson; Hansen; Seerup; Gollen; Lars Larsen.

Christian Martin Sorensen, from Denmark, farmed at Kent Road. In 1879 he accepted a contract to erect fences for 15 shillings per chain. He later moved into New Plymouth from Inglewood with his wife Mary (nee Buck) and established a general store in Devon Street on the site where Brownson's Jewellers are now. Christian Martin and Mary had nine children including twins. One of their grandsons, Alec Sorensen and his wife Alma, still reside in New Plymouth and take an active interest in Scandinavian activities in the district.



Christian and Mary Sorensen outside their general store.

Jens Peter Larsen was Danish. He farmed in Inglewood and later bought his own boot and shoe making business in the main street of Inglewood. His shop was where Julian Electrical is now. They had five children, two boys and three girls. The oldest son became the Reverend Norman Peter Larsen and served Inglewood for some years. Jens'daughter Miss Delsie Larsen is at present living in Levin.

The Thirklesens farmed at Tariki. Their old homestead was next to where the Tariki garage now stands. They owned a livery stable there, where settlers could leave their horses and catch the train to New Plymouth or Hawera. Later they owned a drapery shop.

Heinrick Seerup, known as Harry, farmed at Ohura and was highly respected.

Hans Peter Jacobsen from the farm, Dammen, in Norway was married to Anne Hansen who bore him four children in Norway. In 1875 he married Dorthea Larsen from Havsjømoen, Norway. They lived in Dudley Road, Inglewood, where they had another nine children some of whom died. The baby born following the child who had died was often give the same name. I know this is correct as Dorthea was my grand-aunt. I also had an uncle named Albert who hated being given the same name as his dead brother, so as soon as he was old enough he changed his name to Alan.

Many descendants from the early Scandinavian immigrants to Taranaki still reside within the same area as their forbears. At Midhurst there is a road called Denmark Terrace - a gentle reminder of our forbears and our heritage.

TALES MY GRANDMOTHER TOLD ME

- VIVIENNE HAWKEN

These are the stories my Danish grandmother, Anna Maria Peterson, told her children long, long ago.

Granny was born Anna Maria Braun, of Skodburg, Denmark on the 31 of July 1854. She was the third child and the first daughter of her family. They were small farmers, poor, as were their friends and neighbours, but they seem to have been warm and loving towards one another, and strictly moral.

The Schleswig-Holstein war was ending in 1864 and that period seems to have impressed itself on Granny's memory, as it did on ours when she told us of the happenings. From where they lived the Brauns could hear the cannons every time one was fired. Granny's father and two of her brothers, the eldest only fourteen years, were fighting. At one stage an aunt was staying in the house and every time a cannon went off she would throw up her arms and jump about wailing "Mine Hans, mine Hans! I know mine Hans has been killed." When Granny's mother could no longer stand the performance she turned sharply on her sister-in-law, "Tut, tut woman, tut tut tut. Your Hans CAN NOT be killed EVERY time a cannon goes off." Granny, at ten years old thought that really smart, and so did we, two generations later and at the same age.

Then, the Germans won the war, and at school one morning was heard the clop clop of horses' hoofs in the distance. The sound grew nearer and nearer, then stopped at the school. The German Officers dismounted. The children were petrified. An impatient bang-banging on the door. The teacher answered and he and the officers spoke for a while in the porch. Then the teacher returned alone to the class and spoke to his pupils in a quiet sad voice. "Children I have something to tell you. I will not be your teacher any longer. I must leave Denmark at once or else swear to the German rule, and that I will never do." He left, and so did they; but the memory it seems lives on, generations later, and in other lands.

The war over, Anna's fighting brothers left Denmark in ships, individually. The younger boy's ship was icebound for several months in either Iceland or Greenland, and the older boy, Andrew, jumped ship in New York, "and that" his granddaughter told me "was how he got into America." He did not write home for twelve months and his family thought he was dead. In the interim another son was born. He was named Peter Andrew and called Andrew. Now there was Big Andrew and Little Andrew. That continued until Little Andrew, at twenty-one, went to America. Then he used Peter, but not for long. Peter was drowned one week before what was to have been his wedding day.

None of the Braun children swore to the German rule. One by one as they reached twenty-one they left their homeland. Granny's year was 1875. None of us ever thought to ask her why she came to New Zealand instead of joining, at that time, her two older brothers in New York State. We presume it would have been finance.

At that time New Zealand urgently needed woodsmen to fell the bush to enable the rail between Hawkes Bay and Wellington to be completed. The Wellington to Masterton rail was finished, and the Norwegians had done the Hawkes Bay to Norsewood portion. It was the middle section that was holding up progress. The New Zealand Government tried several countries unsuccessfully. The Julius Vogel Public Works and Immigration Policy had come into being. Agents went into Scandinavia with wonderful stories of life in the new land, jobs for everyone, and in due course, forty acre blocks of land for £1 per acre, and also, what could have appealed to Anna, assisted passages.

Be that as it may, she sailed from Hamburg on the 'Lammershagen' a German sailing vessel on the 1 April, 1875 and arrived in Wellington on the 11 July, 1875. The ship carried

Married adults	131
Single males	95
Single women	30
Wine dressers 3.3	4½
Children 133	66½
Full paying passengers	4½
	331½

During the voyage the 'Lammershagen' was becalmed over the Equator for some time. Also it has been said that the New Zealand Government chartered the 'Lammershagen' for this voyage.

On board Granny met her husband to be, Swedish Johan Persson, whose surname was apparently promptly anglicized to Peterson. It took us 100 years to find that out, but it is true and apparently not at all uncommon. They were married in Wellington a few days after their arrival. Their next stop was Greytown in the Wairarapa and soon the men were in gangs working away for a week or two then returning weekends to be with their wives, who in the meantime came to grips with living in a new land. For instance, when the spring rains melted the snow on the mountains, the rivers could not contain the volume, and quite frightening floods ensued. One such found Granny and other young women in a two storied house, flooded and terrified. They moved upstairs and still the water rose. The hours dragged by and the water continued to rise. Then one evening at dusk they heard what they thought was a tapping on a window. They were petrified. Should they investigate or should they not? They did! Below them they saw a boat with a couple of men in it. "Holloa! Holloa! Are you all right? We have got food for you. Don't worry, the water is going down. By morning the flood will be over." Their prayers were answered and the relief was terrific.

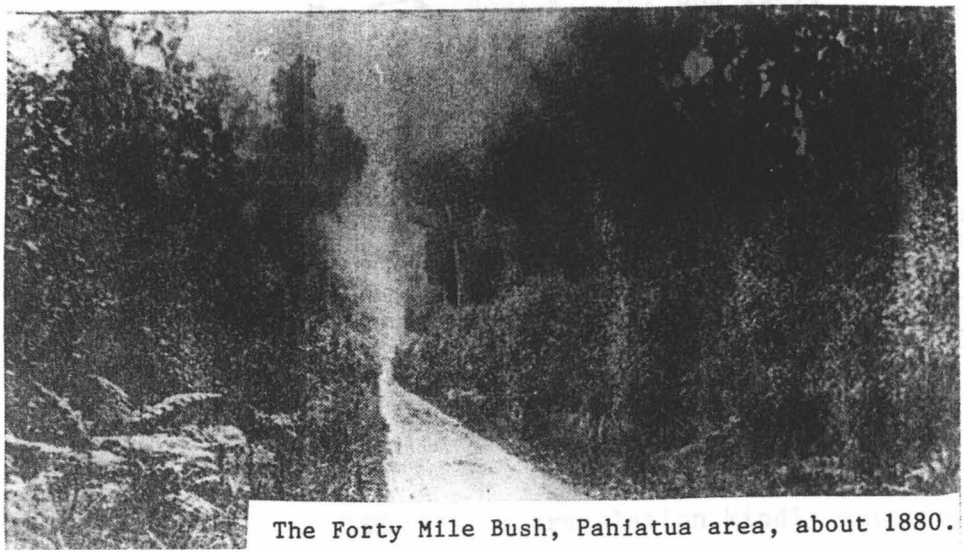
In due course our grandparents were allotted their forty acres of land, all standing in bush. Granny's first stove was a tree stump and water was carried from the nearby stream. Grandfather still worked away and came home weekends to tend his farm. Gradually they purchased several cows, which Granny milked. She made butter which they sold to the grocer. She grew strawberries and delivered them to a local hotel. Deliveries were made by way of a three mile saddle track, on horseback, and before dawn, so that she would

be back home before her small children awakened. That was not all Granny carried on horseback. She was determined that when they built a fireplace and chimney it would be brick, to which end she carried every brick home on horseback. That house, much extended, and the fireplace, stood for over one hundred years, and that part of it was still sound when bulldozed down comparatively recently.

One incident occurred in the early days when Granny went to get the cows for the afternoon milking and she got lost in the bush. Our eyes were out on sticks as she told this story of how she walked and walked and walked only to find she was in the same place as she had started from. She then knew she had gone in a circle and was lost in the bush. She was very worried about her two little children at home by themselves. There was nothing at all that she could do so she settled herself down by a tree trunk to wait till morning, and she prayed very hard. After a while she thought she heard a tinkle of a cowbell. Cows wore bells because there were no boundary fences. She listened and she heard the tinkle again, so she got up very carefully and moved toward the sound. There she found the cows settled for the night, chewing their cud. She knew that if she could get them up and moving the cows would lead her home. They did not want to move, but finally they were prodded up and they led her home through the dark bush. She found her little children asleep on the doorstep.

Now we must finish quickly. The grandparents worked hard, purchased more land and prospered. They had three sons and three daughters. The years sped by. Then the youngest daughter died. Granny was completely inconsolable. Grandfather worried for her. After a while she took a trip home to Denmark, alone, to see her mother. Granny had learned to read and write English when her children went to school. We have a letter from her after she reached Denmark, couched in her own particular mix of Danish and English, which says, "Tonight I feel odd. Tomorrow I will be home. I will see Mother. I have not seen Mother for thirty years."

After visiting Denmark she went to Sweden to meet her in-laws for the first time, then sailed to New York State to see her brothers and sisters and their families. It was a wonderful trip for her, even though on her return there was a letter awaiting her to say her mother had died. During the First World War the grandparents retired. One of their joys was to meet friends, many of Scandinavian descent and their families, and relive yesterday. Both lived to a good age and were mobile to the end.



The Forty Mile Bush, Pahiatua area, about 1880.

A LANGUAGE PROBLEM

- JACK CURTIS

When my grandmother, Marie Christina Petersen, arrived in New Zealand from Norway with her mother, father and five brothers, she was about twelve years old. This was Christmas 1872. The entire family went to the Scandi Camp at Kopuaranga where my great-grandfather was to be school teacher, interpreter, and although not a religious man, he also performed christenings and funerals: he was an eloquent speaker - anyway that has nothing to do with this little story.

In the camp was a store where all the folk bought most of their simple needs and like all stores of this kind in New Zealand, there was a big notice over the door which said GENERAL STORE.

Now my grandmother and some other children, just arrived, and all unable to speak or read English, saw this notice. In Norwegian an Army General is spelt just like that and 'store' means great or big, so these little innocents from Norway read this and assumed that a 'Great General' lived there, and crept very quietly through the door to see if they could get a look at him.

All they got for their trouble was a shout from the store-keeper telling them to clear out!



THE CAMP POSTMAN

- JACK CURTIS

In the Scandi Camp at Kopuaranga 1873, there was a Swede who came from an old noble family by the name of Jaegerhorn. My great-grandfather, Arthur Peterson, whom I mentioned in my other story, 'A Language Problem' got this man Jaegerhorn the position of postman between Masterton, Mauriceville West and the Camp. So to commemorate the occasion, my great-grandfather composed a poem which was put to music, the melody being "Vor Gamle Karro Hold En Storr". The words are as follows:-

Fra Masterton til Masterton
Man post hör nu med rette
Den farer frem med raedsom iil
Passerer flod og slette
En jaeger på sin röde hest
Forbi dig flyver som en blaest
Og blåser og blåser
Dindu Dindu Dindu Dindu
Dindu Dindu Dindu Dindu

Se vaesken hvor den proppet er
Med breve og aviser
Og Nordens folk blandt skovens traer
Sin sikre post höit priser
For Jaegerhorn i stragt gallop
I campen gjör et postig stop
Og blåser og blåser
Dindu Dindu Dindu Dindu
Dindu Dindu Dindu Dindu

Perhaps some one who is better than me with the language could translate it.

From Masterton to Masterton
A mailrun has been set
It is rushing through with frightening speed
Passing river and flat.
A huntsman on his red horse
Flying past you like a force
Blowing Dindu Dindu Dindu Dindu
Blowing Dindu Dindu Dindu Dindu

Look at his bag how full it is
With letters and daily information
The Nordic folk among the forest trees
Receive their mail with acclamation
When Jaegerhorn in straight gallop
In the camp does a sudden postal stop
Blowing Dindu Dindu Dindu Dindu
Blowing Dindu Dindu Dindu Dindu

Here is the translation kindly supplied by Odd Lie.

MY FATHER'S FAMILY

- SONIA MACKENZIE

Hemming Christian Jensen was born in the Copenhagen area of Denmark in 1841. He served in the Danish Navy, fighting the Germans in 1864. The Germans were successful in annexing the Kiel Canal and the Schleswig/Holstein Provinces and thus a considerable number of Danish folk who found German rule intolerable emigrated to New Zealand, Australia, Canada and the United States of America. This paralleled the earlier move of Scottish people to the same areas.

Hemming was commended for his naval services and later in life received a veteran's honour pay. He married Metta Kjirstenne Hansen in 1867. It must surely have been a heart-rending decision for Hemming at 33 and Metta aged 31 to sell their home and possessions, leave the extended family and friends and emigrate to New Zealand. They must have known the chance of seeing all they loved ever again was well nigh impossible. What courage to attempt a 150 day long journey with five children! The 'Humboldt' was certainly nothing like the beautiful ships we have today and although the other passengers were Danish, the crew were not, and the Jensen family could speak no English.

The 'Humboldt' left Hamburg on the 19 October 1874 with 387 emigrants including 195 from Denmark and 28 from Schleswig and arrived in Wellington on the 22 January 1875. How glad they must have been to see land and to have arrived safely. Think of Wellington and its surrounding terrain - how totally different it must have seemed to the flat developed land they had left behind. Did their hearts quail or were they filled with enthusiasm for new adventure? No doubt there was disappointment to find that their Lutheran faith was at that time not established in New Zealand, for ardent believers they surely were.

The Jensen family were transported to Wanganui by coaster. Wanganui was a very thriving township, as it had been encouraged as an alternative to Wellington, so here the family may have found a welcome before they set forth on horse-back to the township of Marton. Hemming set up a blacksmith shop here on a site which is now in the main street shopping area. There he manufactured wheels and many other metal items as well as keeping the feet of the local horses up to standard.

The children who travelled with them were Peter born 1866; Caroline Maria Elizabeth (my father's mother) born 1867; Neils Christian born 1869; Laura Engeborg born 1872; and Martin Julius born 1874 probably on board the 'Humboldt'.

.....

In 1877 after three years in the Marton smithy the family moved to Halcombe, where Hemming was employed by the Manchester Corporation. Metta had two more children; Harry, in 1878, was the first New Zealand born, then Nora Ida in 1881. (Nora, who was later known as Ada, spent all her life in the area. She married Robert Cockburn in 1906 and they farmed in the Stanway district. Laura Engeborg married Malcolm Cockburn in 1902 and they too stayed in that area).

A farm property was purchased at Stanway about 1885 and the last of the children, Albert Wilhelm, was born there in 1886. The family stayed there till first Metta died aged 76 years, then Hemming, at 81, in 1922. They are both buried in the Halcombe Cemetery.

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I have memories from my childhood of visiting my father's Uncle Julius who was never married and spent his life in the Cheltenham district. It was at least a three hour car trip from my home at Makuri, out of Pahiatua and we always took a picnic to have at the Ashhurst Park. Somewhere later in the trip there was a swing bridge; to me it was terribly long and I was terrified of it, closing my eyes tightly for the crossing. Uncle Julius knew I was frightened and would meet me with a small sweetie of some sort, to make it 'worthwhile', he said. He was wonderful with his hands and made lots of small wooden things, bowls, toys, boxes and such like; I treasure some of these. My sister and I found his accent fascinating too.

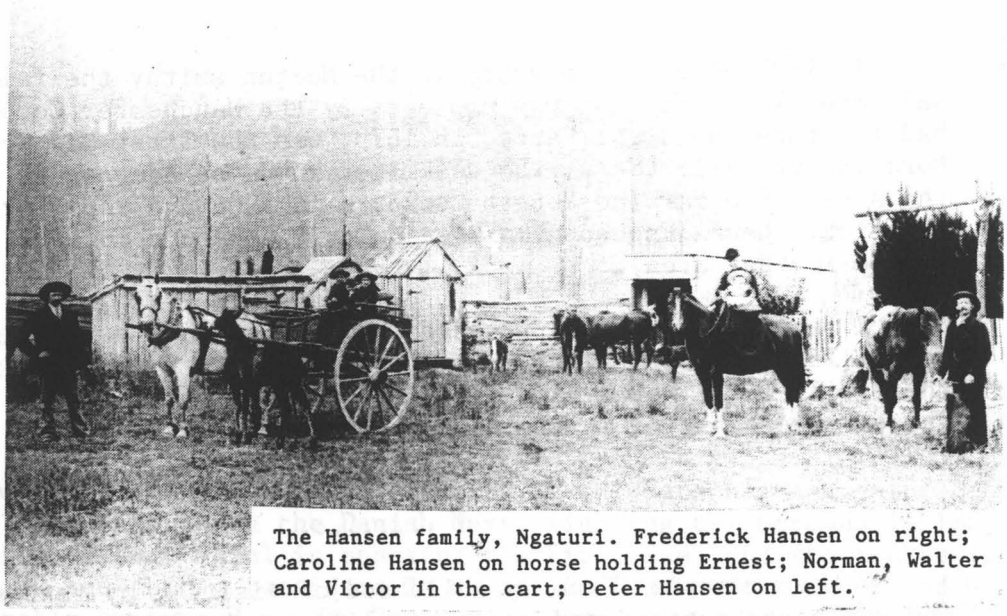
I have records of the marriages and families of all the children of Hemming and Metta for some years but can only write of the life of my grandmother, Caroline Maria Elizabeth Jensen, who as a child had very long golden hair and was followed everywhere by the Maori. They wanted to touch her hair as they thought she was a fairy. Her first job was with Pastor Ries at Dannevirke as a nanny. While there she met Neils Peter Ferdinand Hansen, who was not long out from Denmark and married him at Norsewood in 1887.

Neils Peter Ferdinand Hansen was born on the Isle of Moen, Denmark in 1861, the third child of Karl Wilhelm Hansen and his wife Kjerstenne Alma. He had two older sisters, Maren Kirstina born 1859 and Melta Kirstina born 1860, one brother Lars Peter born 1865 and a younger sister, Hanna Kirstina. Neils and Peter sailed together on the 'Høvding' from the Port of Christiania in 1883. They were aged twenty-two and seventeen and were following their sister Maren and her husband Hans Petersen. They found work at Norsewood where Neils met and married Caroline Jensen.

Neils and Caroline Hansen lived on at Norsewood for a time. Frederick, Norman, Victor and Walter were all born there. They moved to Ngaturi near Pahiatua in 1897 when they purchased a block of land.

Peter, his brother, eventually bought a block of sheep farming land near Pongaroa/Waione. He married Elizabeth Mangelsen and they had three daughters one of whom, Hilda, became a well known horsewoman and later matron at the Dannevirke High School Boy's Hostel.

Neils and Caroline lived their lives out at Ngaturi. Here dairy cows were run and Caroline sold butter and other products to the Pahiatua Branch of the Wairarapa Farmers' Store. These were delivered by Caroline and my father, Ernest as a small boy, with the horse and cart, twice weekly. Neils along with other small farmers, worked on the roads as well.



The Hansen family, Ngaturi. Frederick Hansen on right; Caroline Hansen on horse holding Ernest; Norman, Walter and Victor in the cart; Peter Hansen on left.

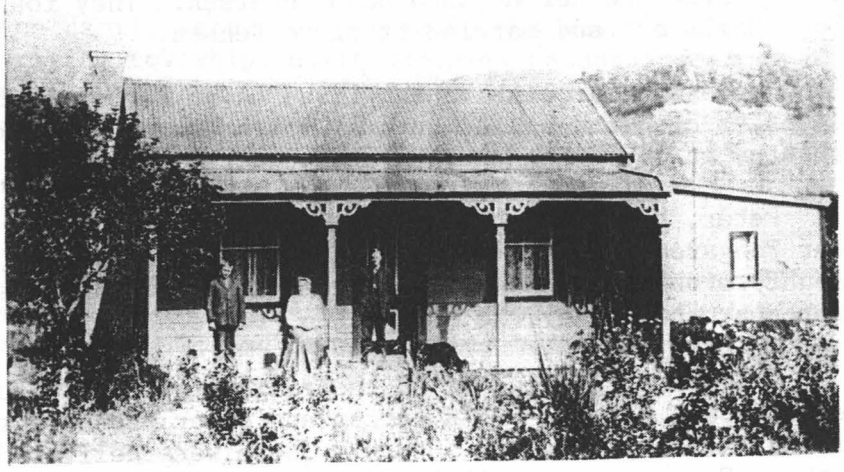
Two more sons, Ernest and Otto were born at Ngaturi and all six went to the Ngaturi School. The parents never allowed the boys to learn the Danish language and insisted that they become Anglicans rather than Lutherans.

Frederick, born 1889, died at the age of nineteen years.

Norman, born 1893, served at Gallipoli with the Wellington Mounted Rifles. He died at the age of about thirty from wounds received during campaign.

Victor Henry, born 1894, trained as a builder; however, after his marriage to Elsie Alpe, a music teacher, they returned to the land. They managed a station at Ohingaiti for many years before purchasing an orange orchard at Keri Keri, later moving back to Whakatane where he and his son Leslie had adjoining dairy farms. Their daughter, Mavis married Maurice Henwood and lives in the Rangatikei.

Walter Theodore, born 1896, also served in the 1914-18 war and brought home an English bride, Violet. Farming at Dannevirke, they raised six children and several descendants still live in the area.



Caroline Hansen, with Ernest and Otto, Ngaturi.



Ernest Hansen's whare at Pine Hills, Makuri, after 1928 fire.



Niels and Caroline Hansen with (L. to R.) Ernest, Norman and Otto, 1923.

Ernest William, born 1898, my father, worked as a cowman-gardener for William Perry from the age of thirteen till he purchased, in partnership with brothers Norman and Otto, one thousand acres on the eastern side of the Puketoi Range, just over the hill from the village of Makuri. It was mostly in standing native bush. Ernest was seventeen. The first job was to erect a dwelling. The whare where he bached remained his home for thirteen years, during which time the bush felling, clearing of land and planting of pasture was first on the list. He rode to Pahiatua for stores every fortnight. Ernest went to war in 1918 but was not away long.

In 1928 he developed a penfriendship with a young lady in the Manawatu, and in June of 1931 he married her. Winnifred Maude Pedersen, my mother, was the eldest daughter of Carl Wilhelm and Mary McEwen Pedersen. Ernest and Winnie were married in Foxton and went farming together at 'Pine Hills', Makuri. They bought out the other shares in the property and started a Romney sheep stud. Winnifred taught correspondence to the two daughters till they were ten years old as well as being righthand man on the farm. Ernest was a man involved in Federated Farmers, local Horse Sports and Golf Club and was instrumental in the building of St Marks Church, Makuri, some of the timber for the church being hauled by bullock teams from his property. In 1955 they retired to Pahiatua where they lived until their deaths, Winnifred in 1962 and Ernest in 1975.

Otto, the youngest son of Neils and Caroline lived on at the Ngaturi home; he married Olive Amundsen about 1940 and they had a daughter Margaret and two sons. In latter years he saw to the upkeep of the road and was a very interesting conversationalist. They sold the property and shifted to Pahiatua in the 1960's.

This is the story to the best of my knowledge of my parents, paternal grand-parents and great grand-parents.

VIKINGS OF THE FOREST - MY MOTHER'S FOREBEARS

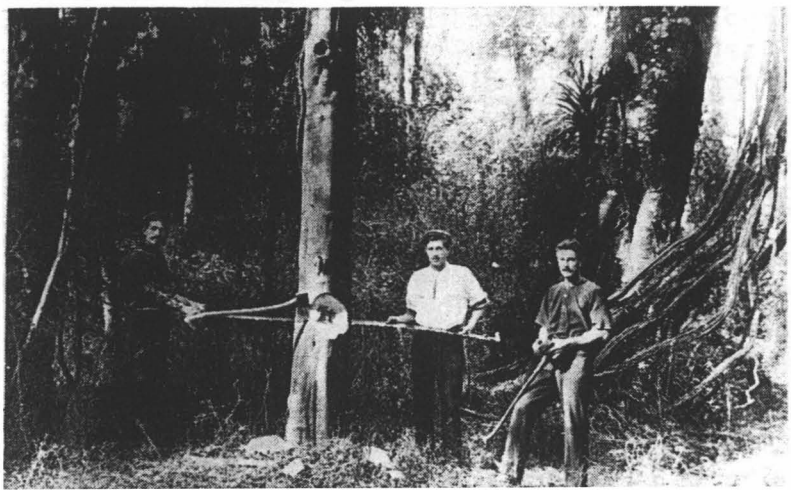
- SONIA MacKENZIE

Johanne Vognsdatter and Jens Jensen smiled at the marriage of their lovely daughter on the twelfth day of May, 1820. Maren Jensdatter was blessed with great beauty and since her birth on the seventeenth of May almost exactly twenty-five years earlier at Blenstrup, Aalborg she had brought joy to her parents. Now a dashing young man from Sonderup, Soren Nielsen Dejligbjerg, who was just a year her senior, had stolen her heart away. The parents were overjoyed that she would not be moving away for he was a small farmer in the Parish.

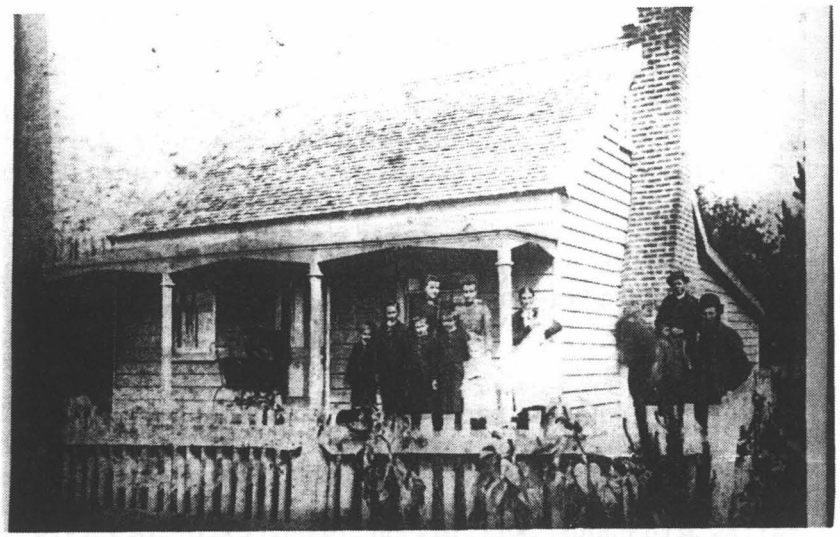
Maren and Soren were blessed with five children, Johanne born 1823; Niels born 1824; Peder born 1827; Christian born 1833; and Frederick born 1836.

Peder Sorensen, the third child, became a builder in Blenstrup; he moved to Skibsted and there met Ane Dorothe Christensdatter. She was born at Ravnkilde, Aalborg in 1822 to Johanne Jacobsdatter and her husband Christian Jensen who were farmers in Skaarup. Peder and Ane were married in Skibsted on the 31 December, 1849. They had three children, Soren born 1848; Celius born 1852; and Ane Cathrine born 1854.

It must have been a sad day when with many other young men and women, Celius decided to leave the Schleswig/Holstein Provinces and emigrate. He tried Australia first, but his new wife Katrine Ane Winter was not a bit keen on snakes so they moved to New Zealand. They spoke no English, but there were reported to be more Danish people there as well as good job propositions - sponsored jobs to build a railway though the Forty Mile Bush to Hawkes Bay, plus a promise of forty acres of land per working man! (This was an almost unattainable dream to the young men in Denmark).



Pedersen brothers tree felling, Carl on right.



The family of Celius and Katrine Pedersen at Tauherenikau.

Celius and Katrine settled at Norsewood, (Pedersen Road no doubt!) moving on about 1880 to Mauriceville where the people at first all lived in tents at a communal camp, the men walking to their railway work at least three miles each morning. A listing in "Freeholders of New Zealand 1882" names Celius Pedersen, labourer, Mauriceville as owning thirty-one acres in the north-east valley, total value £175. Not a very salubrious thirty-one acres, even when looked at now! What could it have looked like to them then, with small children, and no shelter? Ten children were born to this family, who stayed many years on this land before shifting to Tauherenikau, north of Featherston. Carl Wilhelm, the fourth child, my maternal grandfather, obtained his first job there, felling trees with two of his brothers.

Celius and Katrine then purchased a dairy farm, "Riverlea", Tiakitahuna, near Palmerston North, on the banks of the Manawatu River. On retirement he took up bricklaying (!) building two identical houses in Boundary Road (now Tremaine Avenue) in Palmerston North. Katrine died in 1934 and Celius two years later at the age of 84; they are both buried in the Terrace End Cemetery.

The children were Peter, Annie, Patria, Carl Wilhelm, Christian, Anthony, Mary, William, Christiana and Matilda.

Carl Wilhelm Pedersen, my grandfather, did his schooling at Mauriceville. After Tauherenikau, he went to Karere, south of Palmerston North, where he had a house not far from the family of David and Mary McEwen. They were older settlers, David being one of the founders of Palmerston North. There was a daughter Mary, who married Carl on the 2 January, 1907. The first child Winnifred Maude was told that she would get a present for her first birthday if she walked to her grandparent's house, and she did!

Farming then took the family to Rangiotu, Buckley, Canarvon, Motua and finally to Himatangi Beach Road. Winnifred, my mother, married Ernest Hansen from here.

Carl and Mary retired to Foxton where they lived out their lives. They had six children and seventeen grandchildren.

REMINISCENCES OF MY GRANDFATHER, CELIUS PEDERSEN

- DENIS PEDERSEN

Whilst farming at Tiakitahuna, near Palmerston North, many years ago when his family was still at home, Grandfather was approached on a number of occasions by a local land agent to sell his farm. The agent claimed to have a buyer who was prepared to pay a very good price. Grandfather had developed the property to a high producing unit and had no intention of selling. However, the agent plagued Grandfather with tempting offers of a fortune to be made.

One afternoon while the cows were being milked the agent entered the shed and confronted Grandfather again, fished in his pockets and produced a handful of sovereigns which he held under Grandfather's nose with the remark, "Look, money, money!" With one swing of his arm Grandfather sent the sovereigns flying through the air in the direction of the cow yard which was liberally coated with mud and cow dung.

The agent never returned.

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In the year 1918 when Grandfather was farming at "Riverlea," Tiakitahuna he purchased his first car from the Hannah family at Palmerston North for the princely sum of £800, a Wolseley tourer. He taught himself to drive the car in his hay paddock adjoining the house. From Aokautere to Palmerston North was a devious and ill-famed metal road of about ten miles. Grandfather in his wisdom decided there was an easier way.

He amassed a pile of heavy Oregon planks which he coated with tar and proceeded to fabricate a punt to ferry his car across the Manawatu River to where it would connect with a track to the highway, thus halving the distance. The punt was operated by cable and the influence of river current. However, there came a mammoth flood upon the waters of the Manawatu and the punt was carried downstream. The new railway bridge impeded its progress and thereupon an argument developed! Many months of litigation ensued in the Palmerston North Court.

Sometime later the punt was dismantled to build a cow shed at Koputaroa for my father; however, in the transportation downstream to the new site the raft disintegrated and Grandfather and his first mate were left floundering in the muddy waters of the Manawatu. To relieve the pain and shorten the stay Grandfather and his trousers severed their relationship in the unfriendly waters and he made his way to a fisherman's cottage where he was received and suitably attired. In due course the timber arrived and was transformed into a tradesman-like cow shed.

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When Grandfather was behind the wheel of a car, he was, in his opinion, not only the king of the road but the only person who should be on the road. He invariably drove in the centre and any oncoming vehicle, be it car, buggy or trap had to give way. His large bulb horn sounded incessantly. On one occasion when returning from Koputaroa he came face to face with a herd of cattle being driven across the bridge. Grandfather continued onto the bridge until his car was finally blocked by the animals. A short and no doubt salty discussion upon the principles of right-of-way ensued. The drover was obviously of an obstinate nature and adamantly refused to drive his cattle back off the bridge. Grandfather resolved the problem by producing a tyre lever and driving all obstacles before him!

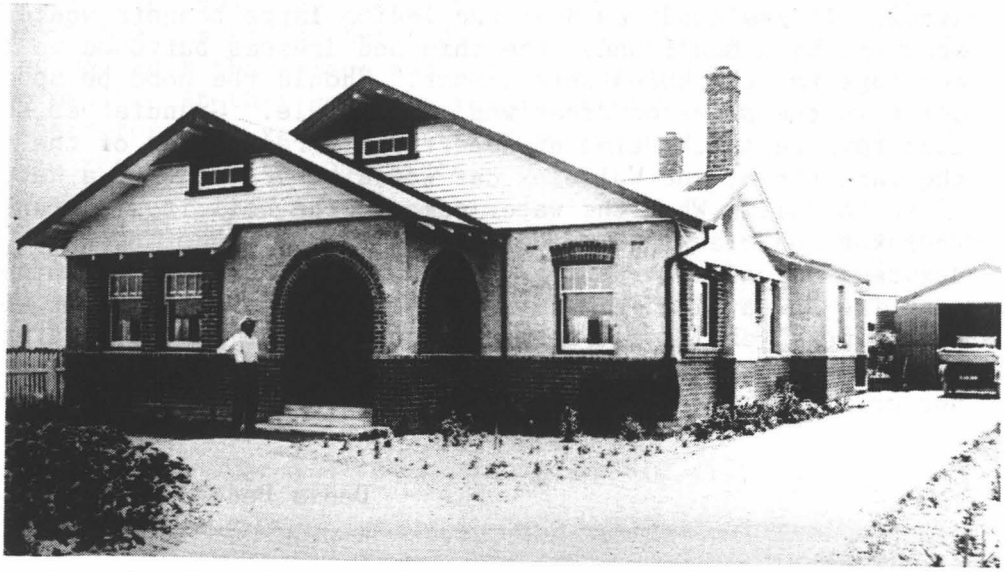
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On a date of which I have no knowledge, Grandfather attended the opening day of the Foxton Races. Whilst standing next to the rails adjoining the course he felt a tug at his trouser pocket and found his wallet gone. The culprit had also gone. That evening he requested Grandmother to sew inside the lining of the same pocket a series of fish hooks with the barbs pointed down. The following day he again positioned himself by the rails. A short time later a distressed voice behind him said "I think I have caught my hand in your pocket!" Grandfather replied "Well, pull him out then, pull him out!"

A brief interlude and discussion with an oncourse constable resolved the whole issue.

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I recall an occasion when we were both seated on the porch of his Boundary Road house. A council workman was cutting grass with a scythe across the road. For a long time Grandfather studied his actions, which were obviously inexperienced and by no means proficient. Grandfather's beady eyes took in the situation and finally it was too much for him; he sprang to his feet (he must have been at least 70) went across to the labourer and took the scythe from him. He then gave a demonstration of how a scythe should be operated, cutting a swathe through the long grass just as if it had been mown. The poor council man just stood with his mouth open.



One of Celius Pedersen's twin houses, Palmerston North.

Whilst on holiday with my grandparents at Boundary Road I observed a business transaction. The stove in the house was wood and coal burning and had a healthy appetite. Grandfather was in the habit of purchasing wood by the cord, delivered to the site. This time the wood merchant had delivered, ostensibly, a cord of firewood to the back yard, stacked in the dimensions to equate to one cord, viz 4 feet by 4 feet by 8 feet (or so the merchant said). He paced out with his feet, heel to toe, to demonstrate. Grandfather did likewise. My memories are of a strong and torrid debate being conducted over the length of the kitchen table prior to final settlement, which should have been £1. I am unaware of what amount of money changed hands.

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One of Grandfather's weaknesses was his inability to withstand the lure of an auction. Whenever and wherever there was one in his area he was always present. His garage resembled a museum. (It may be significant that mine also has that characteristic). Grandfather was avidly fond of cheese - strong cheese. I well recollect one large cheese the size of a wagon wheel hanging in the garage; Grandmother prohibited its presence in the house. It was green, and had the pungent smell one would associate with a healthy polecat. I was honoured by an invitation to sample the tasty morsel and I still have memories of the nerve shattering experience. What happened subsequently to that cheese I shall never know but next to the atom bomb it must have been the most potent thing I have encountered.

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In conclusion, amongst other memories I think the characteristics of my grandparents were extreme kindness, generosity, a great sense of fairness and love for children. The arrival of my grandparents would invariably coincide with the start of the school holidays. One or more of us would be kidnapped and whirled away in their car. With them there was never a dull moment; they loved eels, and we became quite expert, and as we supplied, Grandfather skinned, salted and set in brine the spoils of our forays.

Prior to a car trip a conference would be held on the state of the weather; this was most important since it determined whether or not the hood of the car should be up or down, and the subsequent requirements of dress. If the hood was down the ladies large bonnets would be strapped securely by a scarf under the chin and dresses buttoned to the neck. Gloves and rugs for the knees were a must. Should the hood be up a certain relaxation in the order of dress was permissible. Grandfather stated in no uncertain terms the time of departure. Preparation of the vehicle followed, the radiator of the Wolseley car would be drained and a kettle put on the stove to boil. When the water came to the boil it was transferred to the radiator and cranking of the motor would commence. When it had fired and decided to continue running the time of departure was imminent. Grandfather meantime had attired himself for the occasion in his suit with waistcoat and silver watch-chain, not forgetting his bowler hat. Grandfather would drive the car to the back door with his hand on the horn; should the passengers not arrive at the appointed time he had no compunction in going without them.

- Denis Pedersen (son of Christian Pedersen

MOTHER - A TRIBUTE

- JOHANNA E OLSEN

Take a walk with me down Memory Lane and meet the sweetest little lady in the whole world - my mother. Small in stature, that brave little body had a heart of gold and arms that embraced anyone who came for help, spiritual or otherwise. Known as she was around the district for her hospitality, helpfulness, advice and ability in keeping secrets, people young and old came to her with their problems. Often sad faces would come in but invariably leave with a smile or looking much happier.

Mother brought up a very large family mostly on her own as Dad was often away working in bush camps sometimes not coming home for weeks at a time. He did this to earn extra money as the forty acres did not bring in sufficient for the upkeep of the large family. I was the youngest, being born when Mother was forty-five years old and I lived at home always and cared for Dad and Mother until both had passed away - Father at 88 and Mother almost 94.

Both my parents were born in Norway. Mother's parents came as immigrants to New Zealand bringing their whole family with them, Mother being eighteen years of age.

They came in the SS 'Høvding' in 1873 just a year after the first lot of immigrants who came to carve new homes for themselves in the dense bush which gradually made the settlement of Norsewood in Southern Hawkes Bay. My father, a young man of 23 was on the same boat. He was courting Johanna, my mother, and came as a labourer.

On arrival, both he Christian Christiansen and Mother, Johanna Johansen worked for three years and were then married at Norsewood. They took up a section with a hut on it, but they lost this home by fire some years afterwards so Dad left that place and got another forty acres which already had a house on it. At this home the remainder of the family were born and we lived there for many years. Later we moved into the township where they spent the rest of their long lives.

In spite of many hardships Mother brought up her family to be obedient honest, loving, to have respect for older people, to be good citizens and above all there was that love of God. Her Christian influence pervaded our home. Never would she expect or ask us to do anything that she was not prepared to do herself. She was a wonderful example to us all - no wonder we adored her.

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During retirement in the township Mother could relax and have more time for reading and handwork. She took up spinning again which she never had time to do on the farm. It was lovely to see Dad and Mum sitting on the verandah in the sun. Dad would be carding wool while she spun, some fine, some heavy, depending on what it was to be used for. For baby wear it was white and cobwebby fine. Later it would be knitted into baby garments for each new great-grandchild. Coarser wool was spun into three or four ply for carpet making at which she was expert. A pattern of her own design was woven with her hands into strips which were sewn together, making a delightful pattern. A huge carpet was made for our big living room floor - a work of art really which took her months to make but it lasted for many years. Some of the white wool had to be dyed. I did that for her. Black fleeces when mixed with some white and carded together made a beautiful, rich dark brown which was ideal for knitting, especially men's jerseys.

Mother's busy hands were never idle; even when she was bedridden there was handwork all over her bed. Her bedroom and the little sitting room where she sat on an old-fashioned sofa were always full of flowers brought by friends and people we didn't even know who came to visit her. She shared their joys and sorrows and was loved by all.

The loved Homeland of Norway was never forgotten. She told me lots of stories of the fantasies, legends and so on, believed in by Norse folk some of whom are very superstitious. Norway is a great land of folklore. Trolls, she said, were believed in for sure and treated with awe, given the best of everything so as to bring good luck. Many myths were believed.

Mother had to stay in bed for the last couple of months and went into a coma for a few days before she finally went peacefully away in her own bed. Hospital was not for her - she would not have liked that. All her faculties were working until she went into the coma. She was a joy to care for, her patience and thoughtfulness for others right up to the last was a benediction. I count it a privilege to have been able to care for such a precious mother.

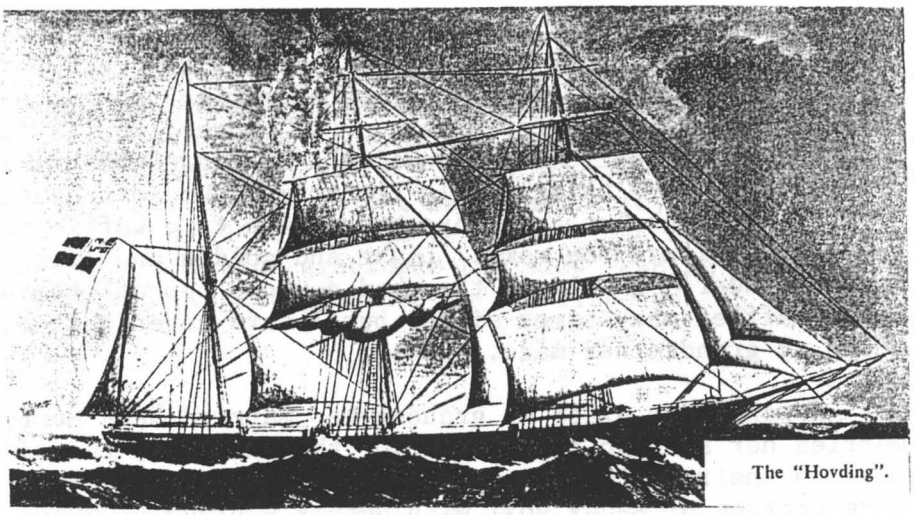




A TRIBUTE TO HANS PETER MORTENSEN

- MARGARET ANDERSEN

The earliest memory I have of any event connected with Hans Peter Mortensen was when I was living with my brothers and sisters in the large, old two-storeyed house at the top of the hill near the mountains in Ngamoko, near Norsewood, and we were told that my grandmother, who had been living with us for as long as I could remember, was going to leave us. Permanently. She was going to remarry. This news filled me with dismay for I had a strong affinity with my grandmother, a little Yorkshire woman who had come out to New Zealand at the age of thirteen years. I did not realise then that her going was to bring into my life a new and very colourful person whom I would never forget.



The "Hovding".

My grandmother was duly married and went to live some seven miles away from us in a large gabled wooden house with a wide verandah running round two sides. It was set well back from the road and fronted by great sweeping lawns, encircled by trees and shrubs - a place that I was to visit frequently and grew to love. And gradually I came to know very well and appreciate the man she married - a lovable Norwegian who had come out to New Zealand with his parents in the "Høvding" in 1872 as a boy of ten. Young as he was, he had shared the labour of these early days, almost immediately being given an axe and, with other boys of eleven and twelve, learning to cut under-growth and clear tracks in the bush. He had become an expert bushman and had shared some of the tragedies and vicissitudes that beset the early pioneers. His parents had owned a boarding house two miles south of Norsewood, which like so many homes and buildings was destroyed in the great bush fire of 1888. Later during his first marriage, his own home built on the same site was burnt down in circumstances that savoured strongly of arson. Such misfortunes could have embittered a less phlegmatic person, but showing the cheerful optimism and philosophical outlook that characterised his life, he simply said, "Well, we'll just have to build again, won't we?"

And this was the house at "Fernhills" that I knew - a gracious home with high-timbered ceilings, a home that had become, like the accommodation place before it, a stopping place, a place where warmth and hospitality were freely dispensed. No visitor would leave without taking with him some token of that hospitality - freshly-made jam or butter, a packet of cake or biscuits or a few strawberries, and with it a carefully-selected bunch of flowers from his garden.

Now a widower in his late sixties, Hans Mortensen was a short, stocky man, with white whiskers neatly-trimmed, and a fringe of white hair around an otherwise shiny bald head. He had shrewd, twinkling blue eyes that betrayed an intense enjoyment of life and a great sense of fun. It was this latter quality that especially appealed to me, for adults with a sense of fun were rare. In spite of his age, he was alert and vigorous and indefatigable as a worker whether inside or out.

For this Scandinavian was quite unique in the range of his accomplishments and interests. As well as being a successful farmer - he had owned three separate farms - and a builder, he was an enthusiastic and "green-fingered" gardener and a wonderful cook. I have never known a man to turn out cakes as he did. Biscuits browned to perfection, light as air sponges, rich moist Christmas cakes, madeira cakes and small cakes of endless variety emerged from the oven beautifully cooked and filling the large homely farm kitchen with delicious aromas.

But his specialty, his Scandinavian "treat", was waffles. Crisp and golden and light, they were always served with freshly-ground percolated coffee, and he never seemed to tire of making them to please any passing visitor who called in for a chat. "Of course, you'll stay for cawfee!" he would urge. While at "Fernhills", he frequently made waffles outside over an open fire using waffle irons with two long handles well-blackened by use, although later he invested in electric waffle irons. But the results were always the same. Light and golden and crisp and delicious. And no wonder! I believe they had a whole cup of cream in them. I have eaten waffles many times since, but I have never tasted waffles to equal those my grandfather made.

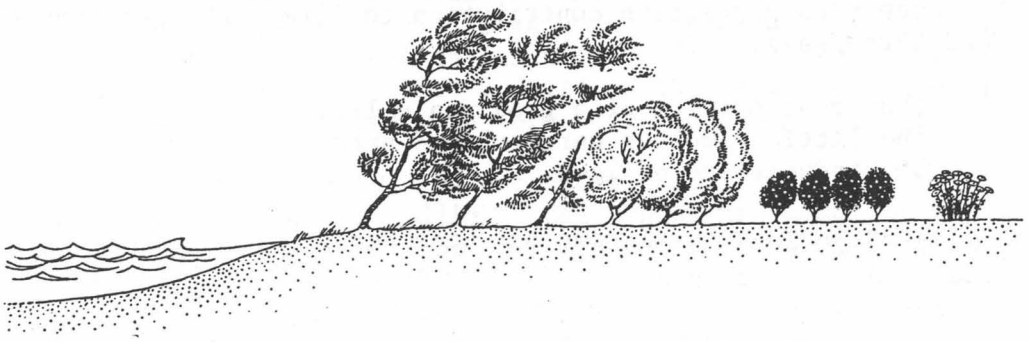
A few years after my grandmother married Hans Mortensen, his daughter married her son who then took over the farm, and the old couple decided to move to their own home near the sea at Te Awanga. When I first saw the bare section of sandy soil with hardly a blade of grass and no trees, I was filled with dismay. Remembering the stately trees and colourful shrubs encircling the lawns at "Fernhills", the lines of King Alfred daffodils standing tall in the spring, the fragrant rose bed with its nests of velvet pansies underneath, my heart sank. But I had reckoned without this dauntless pioneer. Now in his seventies, Hans Mortensen set himself up in a garage on the site, and with another builder began to construct his new home - a little cottage perfectly suited to the needs of a retired couple with a glassed-in verandah to accommodate visitors. And year after year, I watched the transformation wrought before my very eyes. I saw in miniature what had happened when the Scandinavians first came to New Zealand (although with fewer resources) - the building, the planting, the shaping of a new home in a new country. Years later, when I saw the sweeping circling drive, the profusion of flowers - annuals and perennials - in rich harmony, the peach tree with its tempting fruit at the very front door, the cherry tree carefully set in its cage of netting to protect it from the birds and its carpet of dark green leaves underneath with glimpses of scarlet strawberries slowly ripening, the grapes hanging from the pergola after the wisteria had died down, and even the little channel of running water engineered by my grandfather for Grandma's much-loved ducks to sail up and down among the rushes, I saw it had all come to fruition again - a new "Fernhills".

My grandfather seemed invigorated by this new venture. Despite his advancing years, he had needed a new challenge to be revitalised. Once again his home was filled with the aroma of ever-boiling coffee, and at an instant's notice, he would don a huge apron and go off to the kitchen to make waffles. Golden melt-in-your mouth waffles with lashings of butter. Figures were not the main concern of our early settlers!

Hans Mortensen, however, was by no means insensitive to the sorrows and troubles of others. He was quick to share, and, once he heard of a need, offered immediate and practical help. In the event of a death, he would soon be considering and making a beautiful wreath, using a wire frame and camelia leaves as a backing, and he would go round his garden carefully selecting his flowers, finishing it off with dainty sprigs or forget-me-not. All his flower arrangements were incredibly beautiful. The church profited from this, especially at Harvest Festival times.

For my grandfather was a very faithful church member, attending week after week the old Methodist Church perched precariously on the steep hill between Upper and Lower Norsewood, and many a service I attended there with them both, fearing the howling, westerly wind, buffeting the church above the minister's voice, might hurl us all to the bottom of the hill. But it stood bravely for many years, serving the needs of the parish until the time came for a change.

My grandmother, a former Sunday School teacher, was a deeply religious woman and I remember how in Te Awanga, Hans Mortensen would read to her from the Bible after breakfast each day. My grandmother lost her sight for reading some years before and he was very patient, reading slowly and very carefully. It was a ritual I did not always appreciate at the time, longing as I was to rush off to the beach and enjoy the sea - a rare treat for me. But even I grew to appreciate these times and the discussions that followed, and I recall with gratitude the slow reading of my grandfather and my grandmother's intent pleasure as she listened.



But Hans Mortensen was by no means usually a serious man. My most vivid memories are of him chortling and laughing with friends. His delight in practical jokes was well-known: April Fool's Day would never pass without someone being taken in by his pranks, and, as well, he would play endless small tricks on my grandmother, taking delight in her growing suspicions that she was being duped, and in the end, unable to conceal his merriment, he would laugh until the tears ran down his face.

His lightheartedness extended even to dancing. When a suitable tune came over the radio, he would suddenly seize my grandmother around the waist, and, in spite of her remonstrances, confusion - and subsequent delight! - would dance a jig around the room with her. At other times, even during a meal, he would suddenly hug my grandmother while she protested - laughingly - "Oh don't, Hans'." Brought up in a house where demonstrations of affection were rare, I found this kind of behaviour a constant source of delight.

I never knew my grandfather ever to be harsh with my grandmother. She was inclined to be dreamy and forgetful, I recall, and would quite often neglect to pour the tea during the meal. Whereupon, he would lower his head, and, peeping up to see the effect it had on her, would make "Caw! Caw!" noises - as if he were so dry he could not speak. Confused, she would leap up and laughingly perform the task.

It was no wonder in his early eighties that my grandmother found it difficult to accept that she was going to lose him. After a severe heart attack, he was told by his doctor that yes, he could live for a few more years, but there would be no more gardening, no more work, in effect. He turned his face to the wall. "Then I don't want to live," he said. "Not like that." In vain my grandmother protested. "Don't hold me back, Mother," he said. "I want to go." Reluctantly , she had to accept the inevitable. A life diminished for a man who lived so fully was no life at all.

After he died, I spoke to my grandmother about him. "He always was a handsome man," she said proudly, "but when he died, he looked just like an angel."

Her first marriage had been difficult, her husband harsh and severe, and she made no secret of the fact that this was the happiest time of her life - her golden years. Young as I was, I had spent too much time with them not to know it.

I never knew my Danish grandfather, who died when my father was just a youth, but I am quite sure that I would never have related to him as to my grandfather by marriage. No doubt Hans Mortensen had faults, but I did not see them. Rather do I recall what most people recall of a person who has made such a positive contribution to life. What we remember is, as Wordsworth says,

That best portion of a good man's life,
The little nameless unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.

That is just how I remember Hans Peter Mortensen.



A STORY OF TWO MIDSUMMERS

- COLIN PERSON

"Hello, Grandpa!"

The words came from the five year old seated on his much loved trike by the garden gate of his home.

"Hello little Colin!" replied old August Person, as he pushed his bike through the gateway and leaned it against the laurel hedge which followed the path to the back door. Then, as August untied the violin case from the carrier on the bike, Colin said "We're having cold meat and salad and milk pudding for dinner."

Colin pedalled excitedly to the back door. August followed, case in one hand, the other brushing cigarette ash from his waistcoat. He was greeted by his daughter-in-law Vera, then by Vera's mother Agnes, as he entered the kitchen. All were soon joined by Arch, August's son, and they sat down to dinner.

"What's the war news like?" said August to Arch seated at his side.
"It's bad; Churchill's told everyone to brace themselves for a long struggle and most of Europe seems over run."
"Do you think you'll be called up?" asked August.
"I don't know. I might be too old."

The women looked up from their plates anxiously. Colin toyed with his food and August said seriously "I've never experienced war, but I've known poverty and both are a curse on humanity." The meal was finished in silence. Arch moved from the table, patted Colin on the head, said goodbye to the old folk and walked to the gate with Vera following.

"How about you and I going out under the willow tree, Colin and I'll play you some tunes on my fiddle?" Colin hung his head; he was almost afraid of Grandpa's fiddle. By now Vera had rejoined the group and had begun clearing the table with her mother. August took the violin from the chair. "Are you coming, Colin?" The little boy took his mother's hand, not knowing what to do. He liked Grandpa but not the violin. "Oh well, you stay with your mother and remember to be good to her because she's the best friend you'll ever have!"

"Mummy, why does Grandpa always say that?" "Sssh, dear," replied Vera, with a smile.

August parted the light green curtain of willow and sat on the seat that surrounded the tree. His thoughts took him back to another midsummer more than sixty years ago, to a softer sun in Sweden, seemingly a whole world away. The fiddle tuned, August began enjoying himself. First he played a waltz then a polka, perhaps a little slower than he would have played in his youth but the tone was good and the rhythm catchy. How the old dance and folk tunes came back! August tapped his heel against an exposed tree root as the strings sang. After a time August's arms tired and he put the fiddle across his lap. The bow arm hung limply at his side. Presently the bow slid through his fingers and came to rest against the tree. His head slumped forward; Old August began to snore.....

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The light wagon came to a halt and a young man jumped over the tail board and began lowering it. "Pass me my fiddle, Christina." His sister handed the fiddle down to him as well as her basket; then she too alighted.

"Goodbye, Christina, goodbye, August," said the driver. "Goodbye, Eric," replied Christina; then to the girl seated at his side "I'll come over after supper, Jenny, and we'll finish the aprons." "Yes, thank you. It was a good midsummerfest, wasn't it?" Christina and August walked slowly along the track to their home. She wore a blue skirt, striped apron, white blouse and checkered head kerchief; he was dressed in black knee breeches, striped waistcoat and a black slouch hat. An observer of the scene of which the young people were a part, could be forgiven for thinking all was idyllic - the timbered house in its fresh red and white paint, the small barn to the north of the house, the grove of birches shading an outcrop of smooth stones and two ancient oaks standing nearby with an attendant thicket of hazel beneath. Near the house was a potato patch with one row dug. But the house which had sheltered five generations had known conditions ranging from near starvation to the moderate state of comfort now enjoyed.

August and Christina parted near the barn, Christina going in to change before her late afternoon chores and August to the lean-to addition to the barn which served as a workshop. There he put on his leather apron and began repairing a wooden pail as Christina entered carrying a bowl of grain.

"I'm going to feed the hens, then milk Rosa," said Christina. "What are you doing?"

"I'm fitting a new stave to the pig's pail," was the reply.

"You're wonderful with wood August; you can make anything from a barn to an äska."

August could not accept praise; he became embarrassed, then angry. "Why don't you feed the hens!" came his sharp retort.

"What's wrong with you, August? You're so touchy lately; is it the letter from Uncle Henry that's unsettled you?"

August picked up his plane and started to work furiously. His good humour returned, however, with the rhythm of the work as he began to sing "Ja vandringen i världen är svar att tanka på" Then, pausing, he took the crumpled letter from his pocket and for the umpteenth time began to read it. "You would like New Zealand very much", Uncle Henry's voice seemed to say from the page. "I wonder? said August as he leaned against the bench.

Later, as Christina and August went into the kitchen for supper, their father, Per Carlsson, looked up from his newspaper and asked, "Was it a good midsummerfest? And did you play, August?"

"Much the same as usual, and I did play for some of the dancing."

Per's wife Anna had been silent, but the others knew by her expression that she was in a 'disapproving' mood. "Where have you been all afternoon?" she asked.

"We were with Eric and Jenny and Eric brought us home," answered August as he looked at Christina and all moved to the table.

The soft light from the open window enhanced the charming simplicity of the room, with its sturdy pine furniture and the glowing coals in the stove's fire box. A bowl of wild flowers added colour and the King gazed steadily from the portrait above the mantel.

Anna's mood had brought a hush to the room and little conversation was shared. When the table was cleared and the washing-up done, Christina collected her sewing basket from her room and made the promised visit to Jenny. August went up to his room as Per said, with his slow gentle smile, "Well, midsummer comes once a year and if young people can't enjoy themselves it's a poor state of affairs."

August sat on his bed, propped up his new music book on the little table in front of him, took out his fiddle and began playing.

"That's a good tune," remarked Per to Anna as the sound descended. But Anna said, "That will be the music he bought in Karlshamn. He's wasting all his money."

As August played he became aware of his father standing at his door. "I want to talk to you, August," Per said as he sat on the bed. "I know what's been on your mind for the last few days. You see your Uncle Henry wrote to me too." August put his fiddle down.

"New Zealand could be a good country for a young man. There's plenty of work it seems. I must say I nearly emigrated to America when I was your age, but then I met your mother and she didn't want to leave; then you and Christina came along and I put the idea out of my head." By now the light had dimmed to a long twilight so August lit a candle. Per continued, "All my life I've heard our leaders say that good times are just around the corner and the clergy tell us to be patient; but although things are a little better now, it is still hard."

August was surprised. It had been a long time since his father had spoken so much with him. "Think about going, August. You have nothing to lose. Your mother and I will be all right." So saying, Per Carlsson stood and moved to the door, adding, "Oh, speak to your mother about this; she's still your best friend you know." Per smiled his slow smile but he felt sad and almost sick as he came down the stairs.

August stared at the candle flame for a time; then he quickly exclaimed with excitement and relief, as he placed his fiddle in its case, "I'll go, I'll go!"

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"Uncle Henry" referred to in this story was well-known Dannevirke citizen and sawmiller Henry Carlson.

JENS LAUE PEDERSEN + VILHELM KLAUSEN LEMBERG

(1874-1954) (1872-1951)

from notes by IAN PEDERSEN

It seems fitting to tell the story of these two men together. Not only were they lifelong friends who emigrated together from their native village of Horsens in Denmark, but also, a generation later, their lives were linked again by the marriage of Jens Pedersen's son Leonard to Vilhelm Lemberg's daughter Margaret. The two young men left Denmark in 1889, having it seems, made up their minds to go to America. However, the captain of the ship they boarded was in a hurry to fill his berths and sail, and omitted to tell them till the voyage was well under way, that their destination was not America but New Zealand. They arrived at Napier at Christmas time 1889 aged seventeen and not quite sixteen, practically penniless and unable to speak any English. Ian Pedersen, a grandson writes: "Grandfather Lemberg, after three months of eating salted meat and dry biscuits, saw a shop with the reddest apples he had ever seen. He bought one with some of his precious money only to find it was not an apple at all but a tomato. Till his dying day he didn't eat another tomato."

The two friends naturally gravitated to a Danish speaking community, in this case Mauriceville, where they spent the first year working in the bush. After this their lives took different paths.

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Vilhelm Klausen Lemberg stayed on in the Mauriceville area. A careful business man all his life, he saved money in those early days until he had enough at the end of his first winter to buy a cow. Unfortunately it died soon afterwards, whereupon its owner was prompted to say in jest that he might as well have smoked, drunk and gambled the money away. In 1897 he married Johanna Katrina Kjestrup of Mauriceville. She was the daughter of Enevold Jensen Kjestrup and Katrina Marie his wife (née Swertberg) who had come out from Denmark in 1874 in the Sloman ship 'Reichstag", the largest three-masted ship of the North German Federation. Three children accompanied them on the voyage; Jens, aged nine; Inge, aged eight and Bodil aged two. Johanna herself was born in the Kopuaranga Scandinavian Camp in 1877. Vilhelm Lemberg was a farmer all his working life, buying first a small block of land at Hukanui, and later, with Johanna, taking over the block the Kjestrups had drawn at Mauriceville. A carpenter by trade he built the first Mauriceville West dairy factory and was chairman of the Mauriceville Dairy Company for over twenty-five years. He died in Masterton in 1951. Johanna too, worked very hard all her life, hand milking cows, making hay and doing any other farm work as needed. She died in 1969, aged ninety-one, after living for some years with her daughter Margaret. There were three children: Henry Lemberg (1900-1912); Annie Margaret (Mrs Pedersen) and Alice Ivy (Mrs McWhirter).

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Two years after he arrived in New Zealand Jens Pedersen was joined by his brother Kristian from Denmark; together they bought a farm at Blackburn from their uncle Martin Severinsen. In 1900 the brothers were successful in balloting for adjoining farms at Te Uri (Ngapaeruru No 2 Block). Here Jens Pedersen lived and worked for the remainder of his life.

In the early years when there was little income from the farm this slightly built and scholarly man worked up to sixteen hours a day. Eight hours were spent working on the road, starting at 4 am, picking metal out of the quarry, shovelling it on to an old Scandi wagon drawn by two horses and taking it, often many miles, to spread on the road. The rest of the daylight hours were taken up with the task of clearing the bush and establishing farmland. During the slump Jens and his son Len again took small roading contracts to provide an income.

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The Pedersen and Lemberg families were linked by the marriage of Leonard Allan Pedersen and Annie Margaret Lemberg on the 24 March 1926 at Mauriceville West Church. Their four children were Valma (Mrs Gray), Ian, Brian and Anne (Mrs Christensen).

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More is written about Jens Laue Pedersen in the article on Matilda Kjerstine Pedersen.



Jens Pedersen
in later life



Vilhelm Klausen Lemberg with his wife Johanna and son Henry.

MATILDA KJERSTINE PEDERSEN 1882-1960

- HELEN WILLIAMS

Matilda Kjerstine Pedersen, my father's eldest sister, was born on the 27 August 1882 at Makaretu, the third child of Mads Mortensen Sattrup and Ane Marie (née Larsen) his wife. Her parents were both Danish immigrants, he from Schleswig, she from Vordingborg, Zealand. They lived on a block which later became part of John Severinsen's farm, when the Sattrup family moved to Onga Onga. The two older children died of diptheria, baby Tillie also caught it, but survived, though it is thought to have caused health problems in later life. She must have been a capable and diligent pupil at school (Ashley Clinton) judging from one of her old copy books which she had kept; it was meticulously neat. As with most children in isolated areas at the time, she left school after Standard Six.

She would have dearly loved to become a pupil teacher but was required to help her father keep records for his work as Government Land Valuer. At sixteen years of age she was employed as a cook at Oakbourne Station, where, for sixteen shillings a week she cooked for up to 40 people, 20 in the house and 20 farm workers. Two sheep a day were killed for the kitchen. Tillie did only the plain fare; puddings and so on were made by the ladies of the house.

In 1902 she married Jens Laue Pedersen, himself a Dane and became the first white woman to settle in Te Uri (Ngapaeruru No 2 Block) when it was opened in the early 1900's.

She did not go out to the block immediately after her marriage but stayed on with her parents at Onga Onga until her first child Leonard Allan was two months old. When she finally arrived at Te Uri on the 20 March 1903 she was the only white woman between Whetukura and Porangahau and it was six months before she saw her nearest woman neighbour. Te Uri was to be her home for the rest of her life.

The journey from Ormondville, a distance of approximately 18 miles, had taken two days, with an overnight stop at the accommodation house that had previously been an outstation of Mackersey's Lake Station. Much of the journey was through standing bush. The road had been formed and widened enough to take a gig for the first eight miles from Ormondville. Wet weather could make the road a quagmire but the roadman at the time did his best for Tillie by specially cutting manuka and laying it across the worst patches. (This roadman is reputed to have described the road as being 'eight feet wide and four feet deep'). The remainder of the journey had to be made on horseback or on foot over a bridle track.

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This story includes material from L. A. Pedersen's history of early Te Uri, kindly lent by the family, and from notes by Ian Pedersen, grandson of M.K.P.

Jens Pedersen and his brother Kris had been living in a typical bush camp hut made of ponga logs. When he married he and Kris built a four-roomed house from totara slabs they had split and adzed; many of these have remained sound to this day. By this time a small surrounding area had been cleared and grassed and stocked with a few sheep. This is more or less how Tillie found things. One of her first tasks as a newly married woman had been to order six months stores in advance, something she found quite daunting as no mistakes could be made, all supplies having to come in by pack horse at that stage. Her first attempt at breadmaking was not a success. Their house was on a hill and a fine overarm bowl by Tillie sent the despised loaf hurling down the slope to come to rest in the swamp at the bottom. "Probably there still", she said. Another incident which happened in the very early days was having to deal with a bushman who arrived at her back doorstep with a badly gashed arm.

Two more children were born in the early years, but did not survive infancy. Stanley Olliver, born in 1905, died about eighteen months later of meningitis, and a daughter May Agnita lived only twenty-one days before succumbing to whooping cough. Tillie said that she later came to see this as God's way of making room in her life for the other children she took in and cared for over the years.

The funeral service for Stanley was taken by Pastor Bjelke-Pedersen who had also confirmed and married Tillie. Pastor Pedersen for a number of years owned two adjoining farms at Te Uri after he retired from the ministry because of ill-health. During this time his son Johannes (later Premier of Queensland) was born in Dannevirke around 1912. Another son Kristian was a foundation pupil of Te Uri school in 1911. The family moved to Australia when Joh was about three.

After a few years the telephone helped to reduce isolation and made it easier to call on medical help although at first it was only a single line from Whetukura serving all ten subscribers. Tillie and a neighbour who also spoke Danish resorted to this language when they became aware of a persistent eavesdropper on the line. Later the culprit revealed herself by declaring it was "against the law to speak German (!) on the 'phone during wartime". 1914 brought the disatrous bush fire when the house narrowly escaped destruction. There were two men alone in the house at the time, my father and one other, and they simply had to save the house or burn with it. Many stock perished and fences were destroyed; what stock remained had to be sold off till pastures and fences could be reinstated.

1918-19 brought the influenza which followed on the heels of the First World War. My mother described going with a friend Mrs Lyons to Te Uri to help out when the family was stricken. She remembered having to share a stretcher with Mrs Lyons as every bed in the house seemed to be occupied by a prostrate form of a 'flu victim'. Tillie very nearly died; she was saved by the care of a Mr Potts who treated the flu with a somewhat unorthodox method involving, I think, hot and cold compresses.

It was at this time that she had one of her rather 'psychic' experiences, as I think she felt they were. Very near death herself, she felt herself surrounded by a ring of faces looking down on her; it was only after she recovered that she realised all the faces belonged to people who had already died. Another such experience was at the time of her father's death in 1904. She felt an overwhelming presentiment concerning the shortest day of the year and as it drew closer she longed for it to be over. When it came and went and nothing untoward had happened she was relieved, but a few days later a horseman arrived with the news of her father's death, the delay caused of course by the time it took to make the journey.

The J L Pedersen house had a great reputation for hospitality. During the slump they took in some who came their way looking for work; no wages could be paid only keep. As well, the teacher at the small school at the bottom of the hill usually boarded with them. Mrs Florence Purcell (nee Bedingfield) teacher at Te Uri, 1925-1928 writes, in '101 Years of Ormondville Ormondville' of how she had a very happy home with the J L Pedersens for over three years. 'I must pay tribute to their outstanding hospitality and there was always an excellent meal and a good bed for any wayfarers. How these women managed, miles from a shop, no freezers or other modern conveniences to always have full and plenty for 10 to 12 people I will never know. They were wonderful people.'

Another regular visitor at the house at this time was the driver of McGruer's van fron Napier, a 'shop on wheels', who stayed for several days at a time while local people made their purchases. The motorised van had taken over from earlier travelling salesmen; in the very early days some intrepid soul used to travel to the area with drapery items and some fancy goods on the back of a pack-horse. Later, horse-drawn vehicles did the rounds of the backcountry, until superseded by vans from such firms as McGruers and C M Ross in Palmerston North. In the 1931 earthquake the driver of the McGruer's van, a Mr Johnson, was killed just as he was about to set off for Te Uri.

Mr Henry Hill, Inspector of Schools, 1878-1915, was also a guest when he visited the Te Uri School. He was well remembered by Tillie as, in common with thousands of other children in Hawkes Bay, she had been tested by him for her Proficiency exam all those years ago at Ashley Clinton.

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By the time I got to know 'Auntie Tillie' she was in her sixties. My sister and I, separately and together spent many holidays at the farm. This was around 1945-1955; power had still not reached Te Uri; woodburning stoves and kerosene lamps and candles were still in use.

We were aware that in this household 'Home' meant Denmark not Great Britain as it did for many other New Zealanders. We sometimes heard Danish spoken and could hear its intonations in Uncle Jens' speech. Large framed photographs of our Danish grandparents and the Pedersen great-grandparents looked down on us from the kitchen wall. The coffee pot bubbling on the stove was an unusual sight and smell for Kiwi children in those days before coffee bars.

Although by this time the household was basically down to two there were still frequent visitors and it was not unusual for every seat round the large kitchen table to be occupied. After the evening meal when the lamp was lit we continued to sit around the table to be near the light and the warmth from the wood stove. Auntie taught us to play crib and several kinds of patience and was already for 'a game' but never on Sundays, when the cards stayed in the drawer.

Jens and Tillie Pedersen shared a deep and abiding Christian faith, and they also shared a love of reading. The house was full of books covering a wide range of interests from politics and history to travel and gardening. There were magic books for children too, 'The Girl of the Limberlost' and 'Odd made Even' and many more, and we revelled in the Auckland Weeklies to be found under the squab of the morris couch and the stacks of National Geographics in the back bedroom. The Listener crossword was an important weekly highlight.

Tillie had been a great letter writer, setting aside the whole of Sunday mornings from 9 am till lunchtime for this task; by the time I knew her arthritis in her hands made it difficult for her to hold a pen for long. She was also the first person I ever knew to keep a 'commonplace book' in which she had copied out passages from anything she had read which she wanted to keep and treasure. I remember her going through it sadly one day looking for something appropriate to add to a letter to a sick friend whom she would never see again.

The stiffness in her hands was also keeping her from another great love which was handwork of all kinds. She had been a prolific maker of hooked rugs to her own designs and highly skilled at crochet work. She told me that she had paid for all the furniture in her sitting room with the proceeds of her crocheting.

Her garden was very important to her too and she had enjoyed over the years poring over catalogues and ordering plants by mail. Even when confined to a wheel chair in later life she managed to tend her garden to some extent with long-handled tools. A compliment which gave her enormous pleasure was being told by a school inspector that her garden was 'just like an English Garden'.

What else do I remember? Going out in Mr Duthie's mail car amid the smell of fresh bread and arriving in time for tea, cold meat and salad in summer, vegetable soup with Danish meatballs in winter.... taking billies of tea to Neils Berntsen in the horse paddock where he was spreading super from a sling over his shoulder 'sower style' dusting many photographs in the sitting room including the Severinsen cousins, dusting too the yellow china vase which had come unscathed through the Hawkes Bay earthquake although shaken from the mantelpiece and buried under bricks from the chimney....

One day when Tillie was cleaning the spare room a slip of paper fell from a book. It had been tucked in some time before by an appreciative guest and was just waiting to be found. It said: 'Some of the happiest days of my life have been spent among the Te Uri hills'. That message speaks also for my sister and me.....



Matilda Kjerstine Pedersen with her son Leonard and her mother Ane Marie Sattrup, about 1907.

FREDERICK CARL PERSEN 'POPPA'

- COLLEEN J. SMITH

Frederick Carl Persen was the son of Ane Marie Christensen, Denmark, and Carl Petter Persson, Sweden, who were early settlers to New Zealand.

Frederick was born on the 26 December 1883 at Makaretu, Hawkes Bay. His early working days were in logging mills in the greater Hawkes Bay area, Hendley, Te Pohue, Ashley Clinton and Wakarara.

In 1904, he married Christina Pedersen and to them were born two sons and seven daughters. After several moves to find work and realising that the prolific bush days were coming to an end the family moved to 'TOWN'. Hastings Hospital was installing their boiler, a new innovation and Frederick was employed there. Realising that boilers could be the thing of the future Frederick gained his Boiler Attendants ticket. Napier Hospital then installed a boiler and Frederick was part of the installation team and that was where he worked until the time of his death in 1958 at the age of seventy-four.

As a small child Frederick crawled out of his bed and put his left foot in a pot of burning sulphur, (it was the custom to burn sulphur in times of sickness) and was left with an injured foot that was five sizes smaller than the other. Although this made him limp slightly I never remember him complaining.

On a Friday, his day off, he would be in town and could be found at the same café at lunch time and any of us could join him there and we all knew there was a welcome.

On occasions, Frederick would see a family member in the street and with an unusual whistle known to the family, he would stop them in their tracks until he caught up with them.

Poppa loved to tease my grandmother and I suspect that was because she could be relied upon to rise to the bait.

His descendants speak of him with love and respect and pride in the knowledge that he was a hard-working man who took the time to know and enjoy his family.

Written by Colleen J. Smith (née Johnson) grand-daughter of Frederick Carl Persen.

The following is an extract from a letter written to our family by our kinsman William Arlemyer, of Ossjo, Sweden, dated 6 October 1985. (William is a grandson of Janne Persson, brother of Gustav, August, Petronella and Carl Petter, my great grandfather. The spelling Persson was changed to Persen in New Zealand).

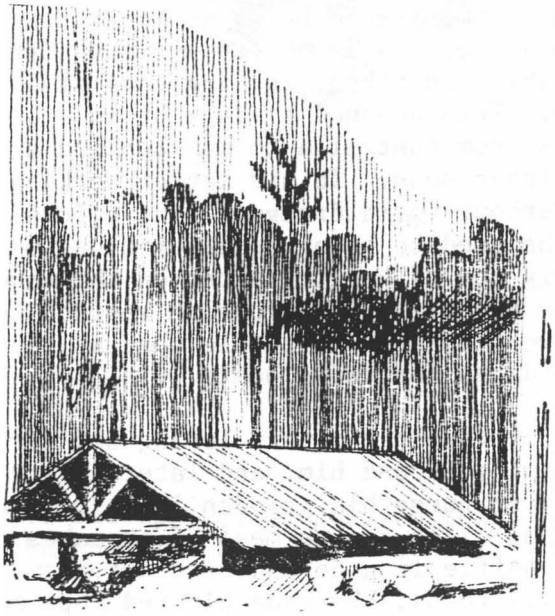
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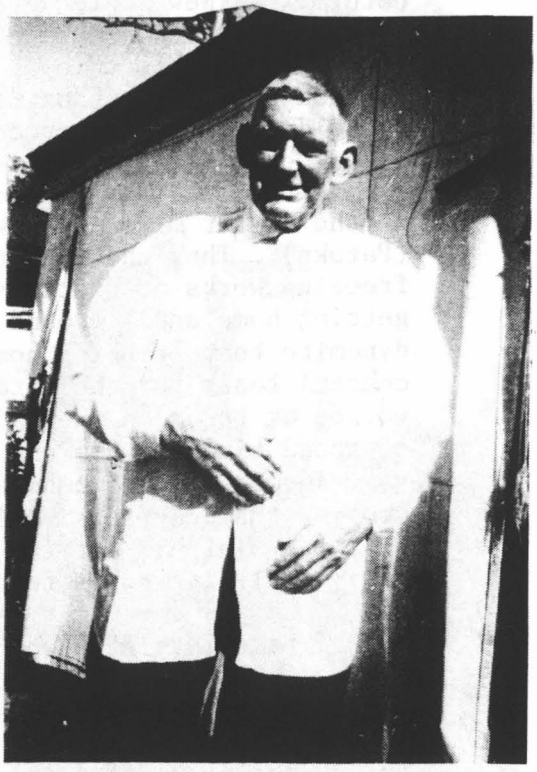
August and Botilla Persson sailed on the 'Victory' which arrived in New Zealand on the 15 May 1884. Botilla died on the ship and August and daughters Justina aged nine years and Esther aged three years settled in Ashley Clinton where a brother Carl Petter lived. August was a miner in Sweden.

The fare to New Zealand was 48 pounds, of which the New Zealand Government paid 43 pounds and August 5 pounds. There were 218 assisted immigrants and 307 souls on board.

The blacksmith in Ossjo showed us orders from the New Zealand family for tools and farm implements. The smith, who was a boy at the time, remembers the address and is now about 80 years old and said that should we write to New Zealand to send greetings from the smith in Ossjo.

One order dated the 6 December 1902 was for 1 carriage key, 1 harrow, 30 harrow hooks, 2 scythes, 200 gun bullets and 1 screw key. Other orders were made in 1905, 1907 and 1908.





Frederick Carl Persen

MY FATHER - EMIL RUDOLPH HELMER JONSSON

- NANCY STEPHENS

My father, known in New Zealand as Harry Johnson, was the son of Carl August Jonsson and Anna Sofia Jonsson (nee Ivist). He was born on the fourth day of January 1887 in Solna, not far from Stockholm, Sweden where I believe his father was a minister of the local church and his mother ran the flower shop at the cemetery. Members of my family, Anita and Rolf Lundqvist, are still there today selling flowers. Dad talked of his school days skating across the frozen lake in the winter to school but a very long walk around the lake in the summer.

He left home at thirteen to go to sea, starting off as a mess boy (one of the first records we have is on the 'SS Alanta' earning 50 kronin a month) and sailing around the world. He worked on the boats on the Great Lakes of Canada; during the First World War he worked on the Home Guard boats in New York Harbour. He was also on a Red Cross ship which was torpedoed with only three survivors.

As far as I am aware he came to New Zealand about 1921 when he became a naturalized New Zealander on the fourteenth of September, 1921. He lived in Waipawa from where he continued his sport of boxing (boxing was not allowed in Sweden at this time). He wrote an article on boxing and sent this to a Swedish paper in approximately 1922 and it is from this article that I learnt he held a Hawkes Bay record.

After his marriage to my mother, Frances Vera Persen, in 1926, he worked in the timber mills in Hawkes Bay, among them being at Makaretu and Hendley, (Patoka). They then shifted to Napier and Taradale where he worked in the freezing works at Hastings, to which he biked, leaving home at 5 am and not getting home until around 10 pm. Then he once again went to sea on the dynamite boat bringing home caps from Australia to New Zealand and on the coastal boats for the firm of Richardsons. In his latter working years he worked as bosun on the Napier Harbour Board dredge. I have lovely memories of these times of the crayfish he used to bring home which had been dredged up. I can still remember the big pot of boiling water on the wood stove cooking the crayfish - delicious and still my favourite seafood today. The last years of his working life were spent in a little shed at the Port of Napier splicing ropes for Richardsons for their boats.

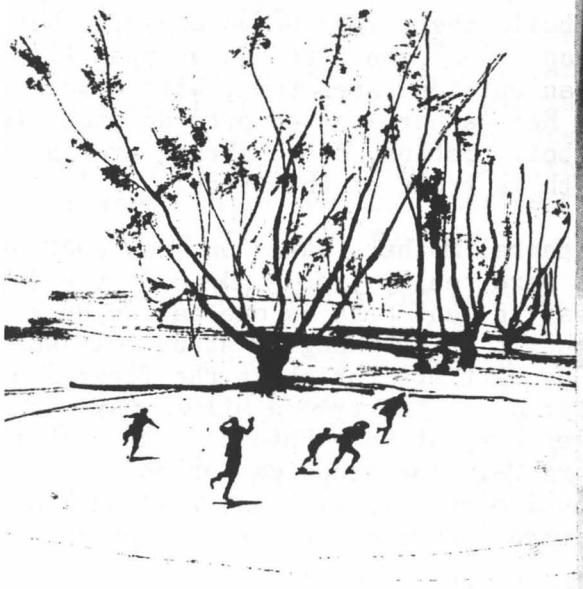
I have lots of memories of my father - a very loving but firm family man, always happy to have his family around him, and later a very happy grandfather who was always ready to nurse his grandchildren or push them on a swing. He usually cooked Sunday night tea, a meal of pancakes with jam and cream, or waffles made on a waffle iron he had sent out from Sweden, which is shared amongst our family today. He made plaited rope mats which were much in demand by hospitals around New Zealand for their entrance ways and as each of us got married he made us door mats and a hammock.

On a Saturday night, if we had been good, he would get out his attaché case in which he kept all his photos and letters from Sweden and would tell us of his family and show us their photographs - oh how I wish I had paid more attention and could remember all he told us!

He taught us to sing a Swedish song and we were taught basic words of Swedish which we sometimes used when we were having a meal. He was very proud of his country of origin and when watching the Olympic Games on television was very interested when Swedish competitors were involved. He never lost his interest in boxing and I can remember as a child going with him to boxing matches at the Municipal Theatre, Napier - always sitting in a ringside seat. I remember him milking our cow; because I had been sick and in hospital I was always at the cowbail for a drink of warm milk and I can remember him saying that that was what made me better.

He would kill a pig and home cure it himself for bacon, hanging it in our pantry; every other day he would alternately rub sugar or salt into it, no mean task when he didn't get home from work until so late.

He died on the second of November, 1968. A very caring father is how I will always remember him with the special memories he has given to me of his family in Sweden which are so precious now that he is no longer with us.





Emil Rudolph Helmer Jonsson (Harry Johnson) with his daughter Marie.

A BRAVE PIONEER

- MAVIS SATTRUP

I wonder how many women have been as brave and as uncomplaining as my mother. Maria Sattrup was born at Makaretu, Hawkes Bay, on 29 May 1884, a daughter of Martin Severinsen, a Danish immigrant. She lived at their Makaretu home until she married John Sattrup of Danish descent on 23 December 1907. She went with him to the remote "home" he had carved out of the section of forest he had bought a few miles from Lake Rotorua in the Bay of Plenty. This area was being sold for farms, but it was not known then that the land was "cattle sick".

First "home" for Mother was a one-room small hut lined with sacks, the bushman's hut Dad and his brother had used as they felled the trees. There was now enough cleared and grassed space to keep a horse and soon a cow.

Now Mother helped Dad to build their two-roomed house. That finished, she now had a wood stove instead of a "camp oven" on an open fire. Her other "mod cons" consisted of an outside water tank, with a wash basin on the corner of the tank stand. Her laundry was an outside stand for wash tubs and two kerosene tins to boil clothes, these strung over an open fire. One of the tubs served as a bath in front of the stove.

Being the first settlers there, Mother, early on, saw another woman only about once a year. Roads were really just tracks - just wide enough later on for a buggy and horses; in many places one had to duck one's head and hold one's hat not to be caught in overhanging scrub. It was nineteen miles inland from Matata with no settlers for about the first fourteen miles. In the other direction was Rotorua - thirty-one miles away. The nearest woman neighbour was eleven miles away at Lake Rotoiti, where there was a Native School to serve the Maori Pa. The schoolmaster and his wife had a small Post Office at their schoolhouse. If all went well mail and a weekly paper was brought once a week when Dad rode out for it, between his bush-felling, grassing and fencing.

But illness was a big problem, with Dad in hospital many times, sometimes for months at a time. What a brave person Mother was, left alone with her small children, no phone, no mail and no doctor when the children were sick. They later bought a "Doctor at Home" book, and it was certainly well worn through the years. When the third child was born, he beat the gun by a month, so instead of hospital, Dad was midwife. We two older children were sent outside to play, and in a heavy thunder storm we crawled under the house.

A year later Dad added two more rooms to the house but there were no more "mod cons" for a few years.

Later things were made no easier with a delicate baby and another child in hospital for eight months, and coming out still an invalid having to be nursed for years.

During the years a few more settlers came in but they were mostly bachelors and few stayed for any length of time, such were the conditions and prospects. Sometimes there was a woman neighbour five miles away, else it was ten or eleven miles.

Mother so bravely stood up to these privations, the financial struggle and health problems and she said her best therapy for worry was to get her going with the spade in the garden. From the beginning she had built up a great garden and orchard among the stumps. I have known her to go out at times at 4 am.

Mother also kept her mind busy with her family and she also sang hymns and recited as she worked. I later found that this was also her therapy. She brought her children up with her same strong faith and saw that they did not miss out on Sunday School lessons, and every Sunday evening we had our own little church service with Dad reading a sermon from a book of sermons Pastor Pedersen gave them for a wedding present.

Mother in those days did all the family sewing and she taught her daughters to sew, cook, and do all other chores. Groceries could be brought in by buggy only about every two months and were kept down to the very basics, our garden and orchard being our mainstay. Mother taught the children to improvise their own games and make things for themselves, as bought toys were almost non-existent. Also story books were very few, so of an evening Mother would have the children around her, the youngest on her knee, while she told stories of her own inventing, usually ones of kind deeds, or happy endings.

In 1915 a family had come to live 10 miles away, inland from Pikowai so he and Dad applied for a phone. It was granted if they would erect the line and install the phones themselves, which they did. The line had to be erected for over 19 miles to Matata, no easy feat through that scrub and bush and over very deep gullies. They also had to do all maintenance to the line and phones. Though the Exchange gave only a 9 to 5 service, five days a week, it was a great relief to Mother to have a phone.

My parents did the best they could for the children's education, but this had to be spasmodic and could be only on a share basis with another small school 10 miles away, the teacher spending two or three days a week at our premises and sharing the children's bedroom - and at first, the wash tub by the stove!

Early in 1930, the land being so impossible because of cattle sickness, with the cobalt cure for the soil not having been discovered by then our family was among the last to leave the region and all that area was put into tree planting.

We moved to a small farm just out of Hamilton for over five years. It was here that the two boys had their secondary education, but those depression years were a struggle, and by now Mother's health had really suffered.

We moved to a farm at Tauwhare. During the World War Two years it was Mother's faith and fortitude that kept her going when she had a son in the Front Line. Also during those years, and before and after, there were many trials, her own and family illnesses, and bereavements, but her faith stood to her. It was on their Golden Wedding Day, 23 December 1957 that their only granddaughter, aged 12, died of leukemia and she was buried the next day, 24 December. But on Christmas Day Mother still had a very brave face to show at our family gathering.

Through the years Mother was always uncomplaining, very unselfish and thoughtful of others, and gave many folk a helping hand and a warm welcome to visitors. However, for the last six years of her life she was a total invalid after having strokes. But there again she was always uncomplaining and cheerful. She had kept her smile.

She died on 3 May 1967 after two days in hospital. A brave and faithful soul gone to be with her Lord.



John and Maria Sattrup.

A WHALER'S STORY

A WHALER AT STEWART ISLAND

- BEVERLEY JOHANSEN

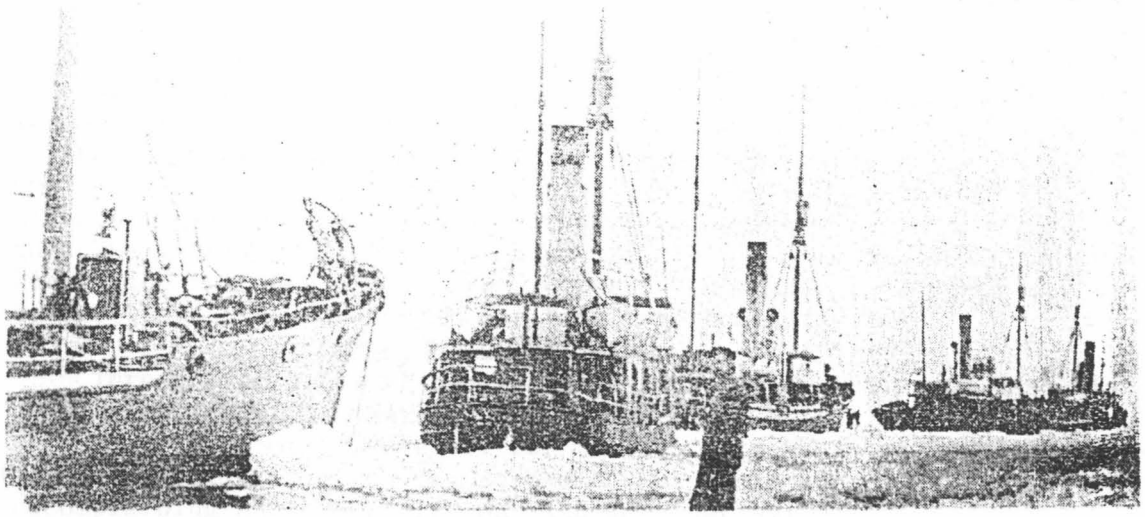
Karl Johansen's seafaring days began when he left home in Sandefjord Norway at the age of 19. Until then, he had been working at Framness Mechanical shipyard for three years. As workers were being put off he decided to go to sea. His first trip was on a transport sailing ship, the four masted bark 'Alonso' which was 3 000 tons, 200 feet long and carrying a crew of 21: 1 carpenter, 1 sailmaker, 2 mates, 1 cook, 1 steward, 1 skipper and 14 sailors. The 'Alonso' took coal to South Georgia off the coast of South America, where a whaling station was based.

He also sailed to Melbourne, Australia on her from Fredrikstad, Norway where dressed timber was loaded: it took 107 days for the one way trip. When he arrived back in Norway he went on his first whaling trip, spending a season at South Shetland Island in the Antarctic Circle as a labourer on board the factory ship 'Falcon". He was an AB (able-bodied seaman) on the whalechaser called 'Neb' and he went back to Norway on the factory ship 'Ørn'. (The whalechaser belonged to the factory ship).

The Ross Sea Whaling Company started at Sandefjord, Norway in 1923 and was called the 'Rosshavet Whaling Company'. The Company bought a 12 000 ton ship 'Androme(d)a' from the White Star Line and had her converted to a factory ship at the Framness Mechanical Workshop for whaling in the Ross Sea in the Antarctic. She was renamed the 'Sir James Clark Ross' after the English explorer who discovered the Ross Sea. The second factory ship was the former 'San Gregorious' from the Eagle Oil Company; she was 17 000 tons and was fitted out in Göteborg, Sweden and renamed the 'C A Larsen' after the founder of the company who was also the captain of the factory ship.

Captain Larsen died on board the ship while in the Antarctic during the 1926-1927 season. His body was embalmed and taken to Norway for burial. The factory ship 'C A Larsen' returned to the Antarctic in 1928. Karl joined the 'Rosshavet Whaling Company' in 1927 and he came to New Zealand on the factory ship 'Sir James Clark Ross' arriving at Port Chalmers the last week in October 1927. The ship took on supplies of coal and water before she left for Stewart Island where she joined the five whale chasers which had been left there for repairs and overhaul from the previous season.

When Karl arrived at Stewart Island he transferred to the whale chaser 'Star Six'. He was mate on the 'Star Six' and 'Star Eleven'. He had two seasons on 'Star Six' and three seasons on 'Star Eleven' and he went to the Ross Sea five times. A season started at the beginning of November and finished at the end of March. The pack ice at the Ross Sea was very heavy compared to other seasons and the chasers took three weeks to get through. Fine weather prevented the ice from being broken up and dynamite was used to get the factory ship through with her five chasers.



Material and machinery were shipped out from Norway on the 'C A Larsen' for the workshops, and the whaling base at Paterson Inlet, Stewart Island, started to take shape. Everything had to be landed on the beach. The workshop and machineshop were built ready for use in 1927. In 1927 an old whaler 'Othello' was towed to Price's Bay, Paterson Inlet and was used as a wharf. She was sunk and approach was made from her to the shore. (An interesting point is she had a wood carving of a large eagle on her stern which is now in the Christchurch Museum with other items from the Ross Sea Whaling Company). The slipway 400 feet long, was built in 1928 and the first whalechaser came on the slip at the end of the season, late May 1928. The men lived in a four roomed house at Miller's Beach, Paterson Inlet, as no buildings were erected until 1926 and the men had to walk through bush to the beach every day.

Mr Anderson was the manager at the base: his house was prefabricated in Norway and shipped out on the factory ship 'Sir James Clark Ross'. The building material was Norwegian spruce planks 7 inches by $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches twin tongue and groove with a track at the ends so there were no nails used. The timbers were treated with tar and linseed oil. Another whaler, 'Harald Askerud', also had his house shipped out from Norway; both houses were shipped out at the same time in 1927. For decoration the house had a dragon head on the verandah. (All Viking ships had dragon heads).

A house at Miller's Beach was pulled down and taken to Price's Bay to be used as a cook shop and messroom; the steward had his sleeping quarters there too. The men had their quarters on the whalechasers until the bunkhouse was built in 1930.

The 'Sir James Clark Ross' and the 'C A Larsen' had five chasers each and a crew of eleven. There were fifty-two men working at the base during the season making repairs and overhauling the ten whalechasers for the next Antarctic season.

The propellers and the tail shafts on the chasers got damaged in the ice so they always carried spare ones. Every year the propellers were changed on the chasers because of ice damage and often the tail shafts were bent.

Karl was skipper on the whalechasers 'Star 9' and 'Star 10' when he brought them up to Port Chalmers in 1929 and 1930 as there was too much work to do on them and not enough time to overhaul them at the base. When he was not whaling he was engaged with the repair works on the whalechasers on the slip and supervising the work for four seasons.

The Norwegians always celebrated the 17 May - Norway's Independence Day - at Stewart Island; the flags were waving, there were games and fireworks for the children and accordian and violin supplied the music for the dance at night.

The depression and the consequent drop in oil prices kept the Norwegian whaling fleet from going south to the Ross Sea in the 1931-1932 season. During that time Karl stayed at Price's Bay supervising repair work and he was also the harbour master. Like many other Norwegians, Karl married a Stewart Islander, Marguerite Pollock in 1931. The Rosshavet Whaling Company closed its New Zealand base in 1933 and Karl went back to Norway on 'Star Eleven' where he stayed for five weeks before returning to New Zealand by a passenger and cargo ship via Australia. He went back to Stewart Island where he took up fishing for three years.

After the workshop closed down in 1933 only two Norwegian caretakers remained. Karl took over as caretaker in 1936 and everything was sold in 1939.

The workshop was pulled down and all machinery sold to Mataura Paper Mill. Stevenson and Cooks at Port Chalmers bought all steel bars, angle iron, plates and other items. The carpenter's shop was bought by the late Thomas Bragg who used it as a storeroom for his shop at Stewart Island. The cookshop was bought by Mr Roy Trail who rebuilt it at Bravo Island. The carpenter's small one-roomed cottage measuring 10 feet by 10 feet was bought by the late Miss Prentice and is now at Ryan's Creek where she used to do her shellwork and painting. Miss Prentice also bought the manager's house. The slipway was sold to Millar and Tunnage, boatbuilders at Port Chalmers.

Due to the poor wages and not much fish, Karl, his wife and two children shifted up to Port Chalmers in 1939, where he worked at Stevenson and Cook, engineers, as a rigger. He worked on the minesweepers during the war and helped to build two barges for the Ministry of Works. In 1951 he went to the Union Steam Ship Company as a sailmaker and rigger and he retired in 1971.

During his retirement he built a model of his favourite sailing ship the 'Alonso'. He took two years to build it and the model measures 5 feet six inches long, 13 inches wide with a nine inch draught. It is fully rigged and operational.



Karl Johansen, with model 'Alonso'

THE TRIP BACK TO ÖSTLI

AN IMPRESSIONISTIC SELF PORTRAIT

- BJÖRN P TREIDER

After having travelled hundreds of thousands of miles in a lifetime, I've found that certain places demand more space in my memory than others. This isn't necessarily due to the length of stay in each location, but rather the ability of particular spots to breed warmth of love, pride of accomplishment or other compassionate feelings towards nature, man or beast. It tends to mould you into the environment and leave it that way, latent and reminiscent in the soul. It's a good feeling and I hope my children will experience the same in the country they grow up in.

Strange, the contented feeling doesn't always spring from happy, lazy hours alone. It's founded sometimes in memories of hardship and struggle. Once I lived many years in a pleasant suburb and it was good; but I remember less of that time than I do of lonely years on a small desolate farm several thousand miles away and nearly three scores of years passed.

I know that nothing is there anymore, like it used to be, but I can shut my eyes and pretend I'm going back to visit any time.....

It's so easy to bypass the dirt road that dips off from the highway, even though the local direction-givers do go into great detail to explain the straight-a-way of the main road and dismiss the modest junction with: "You just can't miss it!" But people did, many times.

Actually the entry to my road is but the worn shoulder of the gravelled thoroughfare, downhill over a rough trestle spanning a gurgling brook. Then, as an unhealed scar in the landscape it runs uphill until it disappears into the woods. It continues under the tall Norway spruce and the thick green foliage of the copse. Sometimes interrupted by a bare, weather-worn rock surface, sometimes by a wet, marshy, moss-grown puddle, the road is constructed of three worn scratches in the earth.

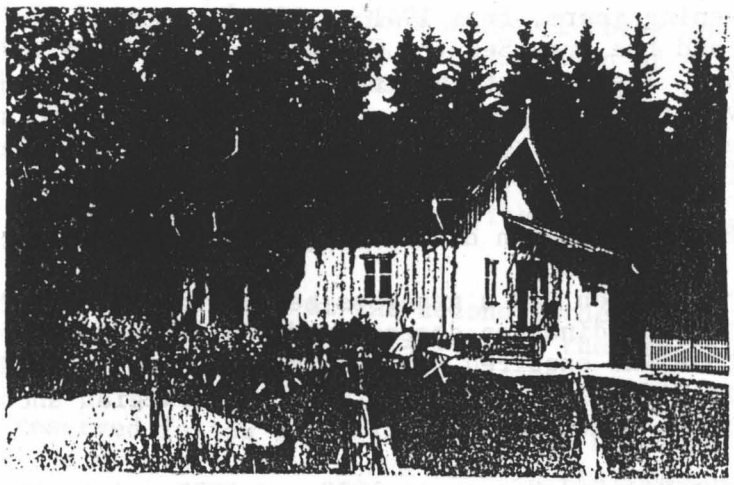
The two deep scars on the outside are from the cart-wheels, cut under stress of heavy loads, and the one in the middle is more even and made by the horse and its master, who usually was strolling along behind, uphill. Tell-tale mounds of dung, especially here in the climb, a sweet smell of horse and swarms of pesty little bugs, will let you know that this passage is steadily used by man and his beast of burden.

When the weather is right, the sun will filter through the green leaves overhead and spot the ground with gold. It's a steady climb, not very steep, just so that the muscles of the legs feel a little strained. It's drier at the top: ground-cover is blueberry greens fighting the rusty heather for room to grow.

At the crest, under the tall red-legged pine, is an anthill where myriads are concentrating on the efforts of the universe in miniature. Once I fed a snake to the ants, pretending it to be the Serpent of Midgarth, and it did create a minor Ragnarok in the anthill.

From this point the road plunges downhill, winding crazily to ease the grade of descent a little. My old, shaggy mare would usually speed up, not so much because it was downhill, but mainly because we were coming close to home, to the barn and the bucket of barley. All of a sudden the farm would lie there, cut right out of the forest, my haven in the wilderness.

The wilderness that once was my home in Östfold, Norway. That will always be me!





MALCOLM RICHMOND LARSEN

- PETER OLSEN

Malcolm Richmond Larsen, better known as Mac Larsen, was born in Okato Taranaki in the year 1923. His primary school years were spent in Taranaki and he went to Hamilton for his secondary schooling.

From 1939 to 1941; from 1943 to 1944 and again in 1946 to 1947 Mac was employed in the Social Security Department in Wellington. In the intervening years, from 1941 to 1943 he was in the New Zealand Army Medical Corps and the Army Service Corps. Mac was with Kodak in Auckland in 1944 to 1945. The Tourist Industry was Mac's next occupation where he was self employed from 1947 to 1959. He was then employed as a cook and driver with the Wellington City Mission until 1962 when he became a clerk with the Waterfront Industry Commission until 1985.

His interest in his heritage began about 1973.

Mac Larsen was a generous helper to many family historians especially those of Scandinavian descent. He was continually sending out information to people who enquired for information after he had researched their ancestry. He also did a lot of work on his own Norwegian ancestry and the Scandinavian settlement around Mauriceville.

Mac visited Norway in 1973 and 1975 and in 1980 led a tour of Mauriceville descendants to that country.

The New Zealand Norway Society was founded by Mac in 1978 and he published the magazine "Høvding" from 1978 until he died. He also founded the Scandinavian Clubs of Manawatu in 1979; Wairarapa in 1981; Hawkes Bay in 1980; Dannevirke in 1982 and Taranaki in 1983.

On the 30 of July 1982 Mac received the St Olav's Medal which was awarded by the King of Norway for his founding of the New Zealand-Norway Society and for services to New Zealanders of Norse descent.

From the five Scandinavian Clubs he received a citation on the 23 February 1985 acknowledging his work.

Mac died in Wellington on the 6 of April 1985. At the time of his death,plans were being made to recommend him for a Queen's civil award.

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I first met Mac on the 17 February 1980 on a club outing to Mauriceville where he was our tour guide for the day. Prior to this date I had heard of the historical work he had been doing.

We went by bus from Palmerston North to the Eketahuna Railway Station where, after a long wait, a railcar arrived from Wellington and the lone figure of Mac emerged to join us on the trip. We continued on to view the Mauriceville district where he gave interesting and knowledgeable comments concerning the Scandinavian era there. He also showed us the site where he would eventually be buried.

After this first meeting I continued to have contact with him, either by mail on historical research or on his many visits to our district. These visits were follow-ups of his efforts forming the Scandinavian Clubs we see today. My requests for help or advice were always answered, in detail, and at times at some cost or personal outlay to himself.

After the setting up of the various clubs, I think Mac's next project, or it could even be called a dream, was the creation of something special near the grave sites of the Scandi Camp at Kopuaranga. He did a lot of planning and I know of many people to whom he talked of the idea. He drafted plans and obtained permission from the landowners concerned. At the second gathering in 1985, just 10 days before he died, I had a long talk with Mac about this. We sat on the ground with our backs to bales of hay and talked for about an hour.

We all knew he was very ill at the second gathering and although there was sadness when we heard he had died, I believe the gathering was a fitting farewell to the man.

Mac was a reserved fellow who quietly pursued his interests alone. This quote from one of his written works echoes this comment:

"I have also been blessed with the companionship of intelligent cats and dogs for most of my life."

A person without a car, he had the knack of using all means of transport, even hitchhiking, to attend meetings around the country. At our first meeting on the bus trip in 1980, after the tour he asked to be dropped off at the home of a cousin who, he said, would get him to a bus or train back to Wellington. As it turned out the cousin was not at home. This was the way he worked.

On my visits in the future to his district, I will always try to stop off at the Mauriceville North Church and pay my respects to this man who wrote an interesting chapter in our lives.

* * * *



SVEN WAHLBERG

- E R NYE

The dead reeds were red-gold in the low autumn sun.

Yellow leaves lay thick on the path by the inlet. Across the water drifted the sound of ducks in angry confrontation with some intruder. Sven Wahlberg gripped my arm and pointed to a patch of grey rocks in the clear water which, like the backs of sleeping whales, were reflected in the gleaming ripples. I raised my binoculars.

"Black-throated divers?", I offered hesitantly.

"Yes," he said, "called 'storlom' in Swedish. They've been around for sometime now; they usually move south to the coast by this time of the year. This summer we also had the great northern diver, a very rare and fine bird."

Sven was nearing retirement. His ruling passion was birds and their conservation. A distinguished career in the Swedish Army had been followed by years of devoted service to the World Wildlife Fund in Sweden.

He lived alone in a fine old mansion outside of Stockholm which was the head office of the Swedish World Wildlife Fund. In the winter the practicalities of day-to-day living in the harsh northern winter forced him to spend three months in his Stockholm apartment. This was also time to write his reports, his books and often to travel overseas in search of new birds and new friends.

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Nearly two years later we stood together again. I pointed to the cliffs which lay below our feet and to our right. "The spotted shag, stictocarbo punctatus, New Zealand's finest shag." Sven's enthusiasm fairly bubbled. "It must surely be the world's most beautiful shag. The breeding plumage is magnificent!"

Birds were coming and going all the time as we watched. Sven took picture after picture through his big telephoto lens. Together we looked at yellow-eyed penguins, bellbirds, tuis, fantails and all the New Zealand species I could find in his three-day visit.

We discussed a mutual love of fencing and talked as only fencers can of the fascination of a strange sport. Sven had fenced members of the Swedish Royal Family in his young days as an officer. Months later I received a great gift, a fine book from his collection on Swedish edged weapons.

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Eight years ago he retired and went to live at Sigtuna, now a tiny village but once the capital of Sweden. I recently had a chance to visit him there. He was sitting on the balcony of his second floor flat looking across Lake Mälaren to a pair of divers way out on the water. It was as if time had stood still for us. He saw me park the car and called out, in his joyful, boyish way that somehow did not seem out of place with his gray hairs, "Quick! Come on up; there's something good to see on the lake!"

We got together and talked, or at least Sven did most of the talking. His only complaint was that he could not get around his bird watching haunts so well; he was badly affected by an arthritic knee. "What's the use of a son who's a doctor if he can't fix his old father's knee!" he joked. The walls of his flat were covered by pictures of birds, hundreds of them. "Unfortunately," said Sven, "I can't put them all up, this is only part of my collection."

When I asked about his retirement he laughed again. "Retire? I only retired officially, you know, I've never been busier. Next week I'm off to Brazil to advise the government on a conservation programme they are setting up in the Amazon Basin. When I get back I will have to write a report on my findings." He paused; he gazed across the lake seeing perhaps only in his mind his world of birds that still needed his concern, his energy, his love. "It's the birds, my friend. It's the birds; they need our help. As long as I can I will do what I can for them."

He suddenly reached for his binoculars. "Do you know what? I think I just saw a great woodpecker in the pines near the water!"



FRIENDSHIP

- JOHANNA E OLSEN

This is a true story about me, a descendant of Norwegian parents, Johan and Ragndi Johansen. Although not ending like a romantic fairy tale, nevertheless it resulted in a lasting friendship.

Mother had kept up a correspondence with a cousin named Ragndi, in Norway, both of course writing in Norwegian. Their letters meant a great deal to Mother but as she grew older and more feeble her hand became too shaky to manage so I had to take over. Not being able to write the native tongue was the problem but Ragndi said that she could get a lad who was learning English to translate for her so that was good. For a few years this was kept up, the boy translating and also writing for Ragndi until Mother died. Then no more letters.

In the meantime I had married and also lost my husband almost twenty-five years afterwards. Having no children, and not being so young anymore, I was terribly lonely. One day a man from a tourist department in Wellington called on me and during conversation we touched on Norway. He persuaded me to contact the relative of Ragndi's husband who lived in their home since their deaths. Maybe, he said, you can get a good penfriendship and so keep in touch with Norway and your ancestry.

Strangely enough, when I did write, a letter in English came back to say that these people were elderly and knew no English so were not interested. The folk got a school teacher to translate the letters and write back to me. The boy who used to write for Ragndi had never signed his name on any of the letters, but this time this letter was signed by his name. Yes, it was the boy, grown-up of course. Not knowing that I'd got married, he did not dream it could be me, even though the handwriting looked familiar. Also I had moved into Dannevirke, so the address was different as well as the surname.

My letter of explanation was answered by return post with a request that he would love to correspond and so began a true and lasting friendship. The age gap makes no difference - he is in his fifties and I am in my late eighties. He is single, lives with his mother and cares for her as she does not have good health. Like me he loves old people and counts it a joy - not a burden to care for them.

Some years ago I compiled a family tree of my mother's side of the family and he living in the same area, helped me a lot by delving into the archives in Oslo for information. Both of us have an interest in genealogy and through this he found out that his father was related distantly to my grandfather's family so there is kinship as well as friendship between us.

THE NORSEWOOD CENTENARY 1872 - 1972

- JOHANNA E OLSEN

The tumult and shouting dies so all is over. The first one hundred years have gone and now the little township of Norsewood in Southern Hawkes Bay can settle into its second century of quiet peaceful life. What a week it surely was. I am sure there were no spare beds, either public or private, that were not occupied, besides sleeping bags in every available space. Such a gathering of family parties, friends, and the general public all uniting for this celebration so competently planned. "Fit for a king," I heard someone remark. Indeed, the representative of Norway's king came from Canberra, Australia to give his support and blessing.

The first day of the celebrations, 22 September, began with a school production of song, dance and mime, "The Story of Norsewood". Looking delightful in authentic national dress the children depicted the history of the establishment of the district from the time Sir Julius Vogel interviewed the Scandinavian applications for immigration; through the long voyage on the 'Høvding'; the landing at Napier; travelling by horse-drawn wagons and on foot; and the drawing of lots for sections.

The afternoon was a time for remembering and paying respects. Wreaths were laid on war memorials and on the memorial plaque under the oak tree planted in 1897 to mark the twenty-fifth anniversary of the settlement. Following this, a most interesting presentation was made by the Norwegian Ambassador for Australia and New Zealand. His Excellency Mr Arnt J Jakobsen presented to the people of Norsewood, from the government of Norway, a 'Bindalsfaering', a Norwegian fishing boat of ancient design but still used today. An oak tree was planted by Mrs Jakobsen to mark the centenary. Unveiling of memorial windows at the Community Centre, and a Returned Services Association march concluded the afternoon programme.

The Sports Centre in Dannevirke was the venue for the Centennial Banquet in the evening. It is hard to express the atmosphere that prevailed at this gathering of 850 residents, descendants, and friends. Just marvellous! The official party was headed by the Australian and New Zealand Ambassador, His Excellency Mr Arnt Jakobsen from Canberra and Mrs Jakobsen; the Swedish Ambassador, His Excellency Mr O G Bjurstrom; the Danish Vice-Consul Mr G Buring; the Norwegian Consul-General Captain Oddvar Andersen and Mrs Andersen; the Norwegian Vice-Consul in Auckland Mr J P Nannestad and Mrs Nannestad; the local member of Parliament, the Right Honourable Sir Keith Holyoake and Lady Holyoake; the Mayor and Mayoress of Dannevirke, Mr and Mrs Lloyd Appleton; the Chairman of the Dannevirke County Council, Mr R Guerin. The feeling that prevailed was one of tremendous friendliness and thankfulness and had its emotional moments too. There were speeches of welcome along with congratulations and cheers for those wonderful pioneers who paved the way to make Norsewood the charming little settlement it is today.

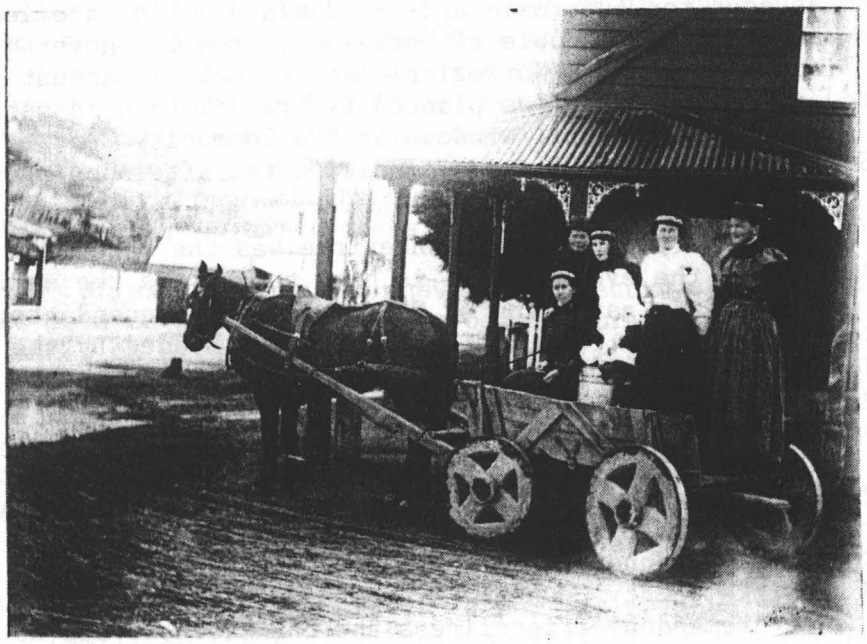
Saturday the 23 was a sports day and started with a parade which took over an hour to pass a given point - horsedrawn vehicles, the Scandi wagon and others of pioneer days, a bullock wagon, pack horses, women riding side-saddle, draught horses pulling a timber wagon were among the exhibits. Very impressive it was, especially for me who remembered much of those early days. Norsewood has, over the years been noted for large sports gatherings and this one was no exception. Children in the colourful national dress of Norway, banners and flags carried with pride with everyone in a holiday mood made it a never to be forgotten sight.

Came the evening and the Centennial Ball! The Sports Centre was again crowded with about 900 people including twenty-two debutantes who made a delightful sight in their beautiful frocks. There was a marvellous supper in a separate hall, laughter, chatter, happiness - the lot!

Sunday the 24 dawned clear and bright. The Lord was good in giving us a glorious day for the church service which was held at Anzac Park. This was the place where the pioneers had set up camp after their long trek from Napier. A natural clearing surrounded by bush, it has been kept as a picnic area as it is near the settlement. It was an ideal setting for the thanks-giving service. The eight officiating clergy paid sincere tribute to the pioneers. On the platform were symbols of progress representing church, farming, education and so forth - an imposing display indeed. A picnic lunch was enjoyable and folks were busy with cameras while others took last looks at the Park.

Then after three wonderful days it was time to say goodbye.

We salute those dear, brave, hardy pioneers who gave us Norsewood, the dearest spot on earth.



Salvation Army singers aboard typical
Scandiwagon, South Norsewood 1910.

NORSEWOOD'S SCANDI WAGON

- PETER OLSEN

My interest in the Scandi wagon began just after the Centennial Celebrations of Norsewood in 1972. The Scandi wheel logo had appeared on many souvenir items from that event as it does today in the local shops and the Pioneer Museum. My interest grew, when in 1976 the New Zealand Post Office issued a set of stamps of vintage farm vehicles, one being the Scandi wagon.

From this time I started asking local people, especially older folk and those associated with the museum only to find nobody really knew from where it came. A museum caretaker suggested they were first brought by the original settlers. When one looks at how these people came to Norsewood I found this hard to believe.

So from 1972 to 1986 research on this project continued. After my local enquiries I turned to the Hawkes Bay Museum, Turnbull Library (Wellington), other libraries, and correspondence with people who had lived in Norsewood or knew something of its history. I then wrote to museums in Denmark, Norway and Sweden. Nothing in Denmark or Sweden but something similar was found at the Norsk Folk Museum, Oslo called 'crosswheels' and homemade. A person in Denmark who wrote a thesis on 'wheel and wagon makers' of that country could not help me, though the Dansk Folk Museum suggested that the Scandi wagon might have been constructed by someone without cartwright tradition who needed a wagon.

I now believe this to be the case, as when one looks at the variations of Scandi wagons and how spare parts of English wagons appeared in their construction one would believe this was how they evolved - perhaps an early example of "Kiwi ingenuity".

The reason why this design was used for so long - from after 1872 to the 1920s would be because the settlers had come from Norway into a predominantly Scandinavian district. No doubt they would have realised the advantages of the English wagons, with larger wheels, good springing, and professional construction but cost, and perhaps clinging to something regarded as traditional for them, slowed the change.

I built a wagon in 1978, a copy of the one on show at the museum, and used it for eight years for display and special occasions. My one was pulled by two bullocks, this being different from the early wagons which had shafts and were drawn by one horse. It was extremely uncomfortable to ride in and rattled and banged on rough ground due of course to the small wheels and lack of springs.

The Scandi wagon was used only in Norsewood and the districts of Makaretu, Whetukura, Otawhao, Garfield, Makotuku and Ormondville by the original settlers and their sons and daughters when they moved to farm in these surrounding areas. No evidence yet of use around Dannevirke which is strange considering the Scandinavian influence of that town.

The following item was taken from "The New Zealand Beekeepers and Poultry Journal" June 1898 and sums up how these wagons really were.

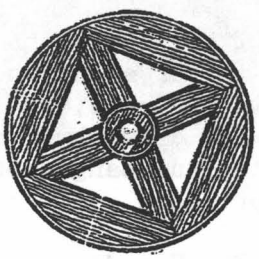
> "Almost the first thing to take my attention was the apparition of so many 'bush landaus' as they are termed by the local wags, taking the milk to the factories. These vehicles are peculiar to the district, and were introduced by the original Norwegian settlers, being facsimiles of the little one-horse country waggons of their native land. They are like a long, low box, set upon a pair of axles that are fitted with block wheels not more than, if as much as, two feet high. Each is drawn by one horse. There are no springs nor throughbrace straps. A reach connects the two axles, and a wide foot- board is built up between the shafts. The block wheels, either cut out of a big enough log, or sawn out of thick plank, are tired, and run on iron 'arms' (pivots). Being low, they are easily loaded; being simple in construction, they are cheap, the price being from £8 to £9 each. Most of them, nowadays, are not made with the block wheels, but with a rough four-spoke wheel, like a Greek cross, and with four roach-backed felloes between the extremities of the spokes, forming a complete rim, and bound with a good strong tire. One that I saw went farther still, for the driver had got a buckboard platform of narrow boards, which formed a springy floor to put his milk cans on, while for himself he had made a spring seat in another way, with some old wire couch springs placed between two boards, at each end of which he had fixed a rounded stick, sliding up and down in auger holes bored in the ends of the bottom board. There were several of the contrivances rattling merrily along that bright morning".

All this comes from a longer article in the same journal written by a delegate sent from the district of Pemberton, Rangiwahia, about the North Island, to find out which was the best planned dairy factory for them to build. After visiting some sixteen dairies in all it was the design of the one in Norsewood they copied. A further item from the journal regarding the receiving platform of the Norsewood Dairy reads:

> "The receiving platform is rather lower than usual, to suit the low floors of the little wagons above mentioned. It is better that traps and drays with higher bodies should drop their milk cans a little, than that any cans should have to be daily lifted a foot or more".

A résumé of this project, photographs and written material, plus the Scandi wagon are on permanent display at the Pioneer Museum, Norsewood.





NOTES ON THE 'FRITZ REUTER'

Selwyn Nikolaison of Dannevirke has made a study of the ship the 'Fritz Reuter' which brought his grandparents and their children (including Peter, his father) to New Zealand. The following information is taken from his scrapbook.

The 'Fritz Reuter' was a steel sailing vessel with steam engine, later converted to sail only, because of the lack of coaling stations in the Southern Hemisphere where many of her voyages took her.

A letter to Selwyn Nikolaison from Doctor Jurgen Meyer of the Altonaer Museum, Hamburg includes the following:

"The full-rigged ship 'Fritz Reuter' belonged to Messrs R M Sloman of Hamburg. She was built as the steamship 'Crimea' in 1857 at Glasgow by Messrs Smith and Rodger and measured 1515 gross ton." (She was bought by Slomans in 1874,- S.E.N.).

" As far as we know she made at least the following voyages:

1876	Wellington, New Zealand - Callao, Peru	47 days
1876-7	Pabellon de Pica - River Elbe	131 days
1877	River Elbe - Rockhampton	109 days
1877	Rockhampton - Callao	50 days
1877-8	Callao - Pabellon de Pica	28 days
1878	Pabellon de Pica - Lizard (England)	78 days

In 1892 she saved the crew of the sinking British fourmast barque 'Wamphray'.

In 1897 the vessel was sold to Mandal, Norway and kept her German name.

1898 lost on voyage Mobile (USA) - Greenock (Scotland)."

The letter continues by saying that at the time of writing (the 24 July 1972) the firm Robert M Sloman still existed in Hamburg and had celebrated its 175th Anniversary a few years previously.

The voyages mentioned above are, of course, in addition to the 1874-5 trip Hamburg-Napier described in the Peter Nikolaison story and a subsequent voyage 1875-6 bringing Poles from Hamburg to Wellington many of whom settled in Martin's Bay, South Westland and later in Inglewood.

The arrival of the 'Fritz Reuter' in Napier on the 16 March 1875 was noted in a newspaper report on the 19 March 1875.

HER MAJESTY QUEEN MARGRETHE II's SPEECH ON THE OCCASION OF HER VISIT TO DANNEVIRKE ON WEDNESDAY 11 FEBRUARY 1987

Your Worship, Members of the City Council, Distinguished Guests, Ladies and Gentlemen.

The Prince Consort and I have been looking forward very much to visiting the City of Dannevirke, and we thank you sincerely for the warm welcome you have given us here today.

I am deeply touched to find myself in this place, which bears a name that is so intimately linked with the history and legend of Denmark; Dannevirke - the bulwark of the Danes - those imposing earth-works more than a thousand years old, constructed to defend the southern regions of Jutland.

The first Danish immigrants who came to New Zealand had left a country deeply depressed after the crushing defeat in 1864 and the subsequent loss of the southern provinces to Prussia: Dannevirke was no longer Danish.

It is well known that this national disaster weighed especially heavily on the mind of the Prime Minister, the former Bishop D G Monrad, and led to his resignation and emigration to New Zealand. Here, at Karere, on the northern bank of the Manawatu River, he erected a homestead for himself and his family where they lived for the next few years.

But Monrad's case - although spectacular to say the least - was not unique. In the following years, quite a few of the Danish immigrants were South Jutlanders, who had decided to emigrate, because they could not face life under a foreign power. They put all their deep love for their homeland into the name they gave this settlement, and all the energy they could have wished to give to their old country, into the work they laid down in the land of their adoption. I believe it is true of all immigrants everywhere, that as time went by, they discovered that their hard work gave them not only a richer harvest, but a new love for their new place, for this Dannevirke, for this New Zealand, that is theirs today.

One is apt to forget, however, that it was not all the immigrants that managed to overcome the harsh conditions and privations facing these early settlers. History is rarely written by those who succumb.

Because of the limited means of communication then prevailing, emigration to a place as remote as New Zealand inevitably meant severance of the ties with family and friends and every one you left behind; and the resulting homesickness and loneliness probably lay at the root of many a tragedy out here. The fate of Ingeborg Stuckenberg, movingly reflected in her papers and letters recreated in a recent Danish novel, bears witness to this.

She was a gifted, but unhappy woman whose marriage to a notable Danish poet had foundered. In panic and despair she fled with her lover, leaving her young family behind. But her dream of a fresh start here in New Zealand proved impossible, ill and disillusioned she took her own life.

Daydreamers or fortune hunters, hoping for escape, lured by the glittering promises of agents' leaflets and brochures, or by the prospect of easy gain, do not necessarily make the best settlers. Maybe one of the reasons why so many Danish immigrants did make a success of their new existence in New Zealand, was that they tended to emigrate, not on their own, but with families. After careful consideration, these people had decided to stake their future on a life in a New World. They knew what would be required of them, and they were prepared to meet the challenge.

It has been a great pleasure to get the feel of the good life that is being lived today in this beautiful spot, where so many fellow Danes and people of Nordic origin have founded their homes. And I am proud, that by adhering to the name Dannevirke you pay tribute to the work and enterprise of the early Danish settlers.

The Prince Consort and I are deeply grateful to everybody in Maurice-ville, Palmerston, Norsewood, Dannevirke and all the other settlements hereabouts, who have contributed to making this event such a memorable occasion for us.

DANNEVIRKE - BULWARK OF THE DANES

If geographically South Schleswig is part of Denmark, so it is historically. The largest visible Danish historical monument is the Dannevirke, the 60 km long line of defence that once protected South Schleswig and Denmark, in fact all Scandinavia, against southern enemies. It is supposed to have been founded about AD 730 and was considerably enlarged and reinforced about 1160 by the Danish king Valdemar the Great, who built a massive brick wall 3,700 m long and 2-2.5 m thick in and on the existing earthwork. For sheer bulk this achievement in bricks and mortar surpasses even the greatest cathedrals of the time. As late as 1864 the Danish army garrisoned the old wall, which had then been fortified with entrenchments and artillery foundations.



A brick from Valdemar's wall has been sent to Margaret and Royden Swenson from Dannevirke's sister town of Bov, and can now be seen in the Gallery of History. The extract above comes from a booklet on Danes in South Schleswig which accompanied the brick.

CHRISTMAS IN SWEDEN, CIRCA 1700

Preparations for Christmas began more than a month in advance. It was an old and well established custom that every member of the family had to have some item of new clothing, or shoes, to wear for Christmas. To accomplish this purpose it was necessary to rely on the Parish shoe-maker and the Parish tailor. These two highly respected artisans did not maintain shops. They worked out of their homes. They brought their supplies and equipment to the homes of their customers, as they received orders.First, family members selected the materials they wanted, then measurements were taken, and the cloth, or the leather, was cut to fit. This process could take several days. Sometimes the tailor, or the shoemaker, arrived late.Maybe some orders took longer to prepare than estimated, and neither artisan could really be blamed for the delay. Yet a folk saying became common that if a clock ran slow, it was said of the clock that it ran like the clock of a tailor or a shoemaker. In those exciting days before Christmas the arrival of the shoemaker or the tailor was anxiously awaited. It was a must that the new shoes, or the new clothes, be ready for Christmas. Any child who did not get something new to wear for Christmas was severely disappointed.

Families who requested the services of these master craftsmen, and their journeymen apprentices, found it incumbent to provide them with good food in generous amounts. No one wanted them to complain, when they got to the next farm, of how poorly they had been fed at the previous place. Such complaints would soon spread from farm to farm throughout the parish, and bring shame upon the whole family, but especially upon the house mother, who had been so stingy or such a poor cook.

Another important undertaking before Christmas was to slaughter the especially fattened Christmas pig. This always was done very early in the morning, about 3 a.m., so as to have a long day to take care of the many details connected with the slaughtering. The evening before the house mother placed a generous measure of flour in a newly scrubbed copper kettle, ready to receive the blood when the throat of the pig was slit. As the blood ran into the kettle the blood and the flour were quickly stirred with a whisk so as to keep the blood from clotting. (My mother used to buy blood at a local butcher shop. She made 'blod-palt', Swedish for blood pancakes. The chief ingredients were blood and flour. We thought they were good, especially when served with lingon, a berry from Sweden somewhat like cranberries. They certainly must have been nourishing.)

The father of the family usually did the slaughtering, but sometimes a neighbour would come over to help, if he was well practised in the art. Certain customs were observed in connection with the slaughtering. The nipples on the pig's abdomen were cut off, and together with the hoofs were buried within the pig sty, so as to assure good luck with the raising of pigs the coming year. A special effort was made to save the gallbladder and the bile in it. The gallbladder was dried, and preserved as a remedy for witchcraft and snake bite. When the liver was removed it was cut in the shape of a cross, to add a blessing to the liverwurst soon to be made from it. When the Christmas sausages were ready to be cooked in a big kettle of water, it was considered necessary to bang each length of sausage three times against the brick of the fireplace, this to ensure that the sausages would not split open when they were being boiled.

Another important part of getting ready for Christmas was to brew a batch of Christmas beer. Traditions surrounded this procedure as well as most other routines. The barley for the malt was ground in a small mill pulled by hand. The brewing was done in the 'storstuga', the big room of the house, if there was no adequate outbuilding. This big room served as the kitchen, the dining room, and the living room. Tradition called for two crossed sheaves of barley to be set over the door of the house, or the building where the brewing was to take place. A steel knife was placed at the bottom of the brewing vat. At the bottom of the copper kettle, into which the wort was to drain, they commonly placed a silver coin and a piece of flint. All of this was done to ensure that the hob-goblins would not spoil the brew. The best protection against hob-goblins, though not every family had one left from the olden days, was a flint axe, awesomely called a 'thunderbolt'.

The strict observance of traditions could sometimes become complicated. No brewing was allowed on St. Thomas Day, December 21st. Thus it was necessary for the Christmas brewing to be all done by that day. Most of the work preparing for Christmas had to be finished by December 21st because it was also forbidden to spin, sew, bake or to grind grain on St Thomas Day. Maybe the purpose of these restrictions was to ensure that most of the work of preparing for Christmas would be accomplished by December 21st, so that no last minute rush would spoil the spirit of Christmas.

The biggest job for the women was baking bread, and all kinds of good things for Christmas. Bread baked for Christmas usually lasted until Spring. One loaf of bread was saved for the next Christmas. Beer and bread prepared for Christmas were thought to have supernatural healing powers, for both man and beast, especially when illness overtook either during the long and gloomy winter months. One loaf of bread was hidden in the seed-grain bin, to be fed to the oxen when they were hitched to the plough for the first ploughing in the Spring.

By far the most popular Christmas cookie is the 'Pepparkaka', literally 'Pepper Cookie', but much like a ginger cookie in taste. There is also a tradition associated with them. A pepperkaka is to be held in one hand and carefully tapped with a knuckle of the other hand. If it breaks into three parts, that is a sign of good luck.

Of course, the house was given a thorough cleaning, and all dishes washed, and all pots and pans cleaned and polished. Special tapestries, saved for only this time of the year, presenting scenes from the Bible, were mounted on the walls. Fresh, clean straw was spread over the floor.

The most meaningful part of Christmas for the Swedes is Christmas Eve. The table was set for Christmas Eve, but all the goodies were left on the table until after Christmas Day. These Christmas goodies were not to be eaten all at once, but to be stretched out at least until Twelfth Night, or Epiphany. Sleds, wagons, and farm equipment were stored away in the barn or in sheds. A sheaf of grain was mounted on a pole for the birds. Enough wood and water was carried into the house to suffice until after Christmas Day. An ample supply of water was also carried into the barn, so as to ease the choring on Christmas Day. A plate of food was set out on the threshing floor for the trolls and the goblins, so that they would not carry away any of the family possessions. On Christmas Eve the evening chores were carried out in the late afternoon, so as to permit the family to enjoy a long evening.

An interesting custom was observed at noon on Christmas Eve. The idea was that the women folk were so busy preparing the festive Christmas Eve supper that day, that they had little time for the noonday repast. Hence they prepared a kettle of stew, put it on the table, and everybody dipped into it with a piece of bread for a hasty lunch. This custom has given the Swedish people another name for Christmas Eve, 'Doppare Dagen', literally, 'Dipping Day'.Then December 23rd came to be called, 'Dagen fore Doppare Dagen', or 'The Day before Dipping Day'. In time the kettle of stew became such a complex course that more time was spent in preparing it than was saved. Thus the custom came to defeat its original purpose.

A once a year custom was observed on Christmas Eve. Every member of the family took a hot bath. Soon everybody was dressed in fresh, clean clothes. Clothes were not washed again until the brooks ran fresh and clear in the spring.

Finally all was ready for the high point of Christmas, the Christmas Eve supper. The candles were lit, and everybody gathered at the table. But even at the Christmas table there was a grim reminder that life was uncertain. The candles were home-dipped. They did not always burn well. If a candle burned out of its own accord, it was considered an ominous sign that some member of the family would die before the year was out.

Father led at saying grace, a custom that most observed the year around. The menu was traditional, lutefisk and rice pudding being the two main items. In those days dishes were made of wood and the spoons were made of horn. When it came time for dessert, mother would place an almond in one of the rice dishes; then someone else in the family would pass out the dishes, not aware of which dish contained the almond. The person who found the almond in their dish received a prize, a little extra gift for Christmas.

After supper father would read some Christmas prayers, and the family would join in singing Christmas hymns. Christmas Eve was not a time for parties, or banquets, or visiting. Christmas Eve was strictly reserved for the family. It was a custom that brought family members close together, and contributed to strengthening family ties. Christmas presents were exchanged on Christmas Eve and no-one was in a hurry to retire.

Tradition included another grim reminder of life's brevity. After the supper was over, and the family worship concluded, and everybody was stirring around to wash the dishes, tend the fire etc, the father of the family, and he alone, would go out and look into the house through the windows. The windows were a bit steamed up from the warmth and the cooking, candles casting a flickering light, shadows rose and fell against the walls. If, as he looked through the windows, the father observed that in the steamy windows and flickering candlelight, any member of the family appeared 'headless', then this was an ominous sign of death, the person who appeared headless would die during the coming year. But the father, when he came back into the house, never would disclose who had appeared headless, or if anyone had so appeared.

The next big event was the early morning Christmas Service, 'Julotta'. Whether they attended church regularly or not, and most did, everybody went to church on Christmas morning. One member of the family stayed home from church to tend the fire, and to keep a candle burning in a window. Homes on roads leading to church thus lit the way for the church-goers. (In my childhood days in Minneapolis the main Christmas Service was this Julotta, the early service on Christmas Day, at 6.00 a.m, and in Swedish, in Ebenezer Lutheran Church. Since this was before automobiles were common we walked to church. Many people in south Minneapolis were Swedish, and they observed the old custom of putting lighted candles in their windows. Walking to church while it was still dark, and the lit candles have left indelible impressions with me. But back to 1700.)

Most of the church-goers were tired. Christmas Eve had been a full and busy day. Not only did they retire later than usual, but on Christmas morning they got up earlier than usual. The Julotta Service began at 5.00 a.m . The Christmas Service was beautiful, but even so it was hard to stay awake. The service usually lasted about two hours, with one hour being devoted to the sermon. The men resorted to snuff to help keep them awake, passing the box from man to man along the pew. The women relied on a sachet, filled with ginger and sugar, a sniff of which was supposed to help them stay alert. Some men needed stronger stuff, for them it was a pocket flask of brandy, also passed from man to man. Some women were not averse to a sip, though usually they did not take as deep a draught as the men. Since churches were not heated at the time, it may be that the brandy served a twofold purpose, both to keep them warm and to keep them awake. Those who fell asleep were not, however, allowed to sleep in peace. A deacon of the church, or the caretaker, walked around with a pole, and gave a poke to those he observed sleeping.

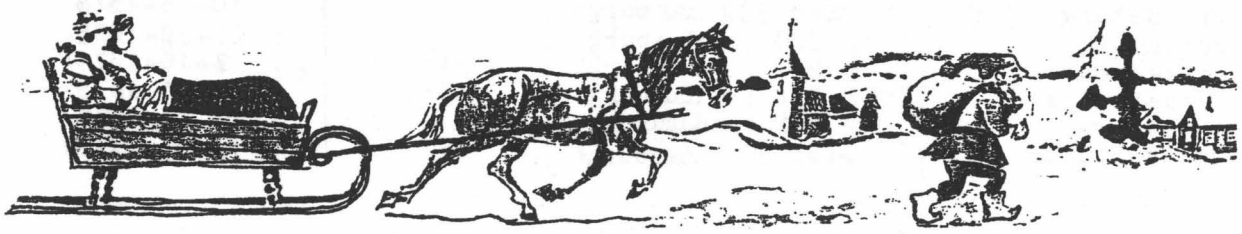
Finally the service was over. Now there was a rush to the sleds. Fathers hurried their families along. The return home turned into a race, because those who reached home first were thus assured they would be the first ones in the parish to gather in the Fall harvest.

Christmas Day was also a day for the family. After getting home from the Julotta Service the family usually spent the day indoors. It was not customary even to visit neighbours on Christmas Day. The partying started on the 26th, 'Annandag Jul', Second-Day Christmas. Then it was time to invite and be invited, to neighbours, and friends, and relatives. Everyone that came to the house was treated to some Christmas goodies, or else it was feared that such a person, if turned away without a treat, would carry away the spirit of Christmas from the home. The days after Christmas were celebrated with parties, dancing, and all kinds of games that tested both physical strength and mental acumen. Christmas was celebrated until the Twentieth Day of Christmas, or St Hilary Mass on January 14th.



Margaret Copland of New Plymouth contributed this article compiled by her kinsman the Rev. Bertil Erling of the U.S.A during his retirement. She writes : 'I never knew Bertil, and yet I feel I do know him as a man with a delightful philosophy for life and a good sense of enduring values...'

The article consists mainly of a free translation from 'Var Hembygd' (Our Community) published in 1974 by the Historical Society in Drängsered, Province of Halland.



LIST OF SHIPS CONVEYING ASSISTED EMIGRANTS FROM SCANDINAVIA TO NEW ZEALAND 1870-1876 .

Compiled by Mac Larsen,
P O Box 1863,
Wellington 1,
New Zealand.

D - Denmark c2200 emigrants
N - Norway c1100 emigrants
S - Sweden c500 emigrants
SLES - Schleswig c70 emigrants
TOT - Total number of emigrants on ship

SHIP	REF NO IM 15/	PORT DEPARTURE	DATE DEPARTURE
Celaeno	-	Gravesend	14-10-1870
England	-	Gravesend	2-12-1870
England	-	Gravesend	8-12-1871
Halcione	12	London	20- 4-1872
Friedeburg	14	Hamburg	19- 5-1872
Høvding	16	Christiania (Oslo)	30- 5-1872
Ballarat	17	London	13- 6-1872
Palmerston	23	Hamburg	29- 7-1872
Pleiades	28	London	13- 9-1872
Crusader	32	London	12-10-1872
Forfarshire	35	London	16-11-1872
Halcione	48	London	18- 4-1873
Punjab	53	London	2- 6-1873
Celestial Queen	57	London	28- 6-1873
Cardigan Castle	69	Plymouth	23- 8-1873
Høvding	67	Christiania (Oslo)	24- 8-1873
Zealandia	71	London	29- 8-1873
Duke of Edinburgh	72	London	8- 9-1873
Star of India	74	London	26- 9-1873
Queen of the North	79	London	21-10-1873
Ocean Mail	82	London	12-11-1873
Invererne	85	London	22-11-1873
Scimitar	91	Plymouth	26-12-1873
Rakaia	97	London	6- 1-1874
William Davie	99	London	14- 1-1874
Loch Awe	122	London	6- 4-1874
Sussex	129	London	17- 4-1874
Euterpe	124	London	27- 4-1874
Miltiades	121	London	2- 5-1874
Winchester	123	London	2- 5-1874
Adamant	131	London	6- 5-1874
Reichstag	132	Hamburg	10- 5-1874
Cartvale	140	London	25- 6-1874
Gutenburg	148	Hamburg	3- 7-1874
Chile	154	London	22- 7-1874
Assaye	159	London	1- 9-1874
Clarence	167	London	24- 9-1874
Margaret Galbraith	171	London	1-10-1874
Humboldt	177	Hamburg	19-10-1874
Wild Deer	178	London	30-10-1874
Fritz Reuter	186	Hamburg	25-11/16-12-1874
Dunedin	202	London	13- 2-1875
Lammershagen	208	Hamburg	1- 4-1875
Star of China	210	London	14- 4-1875
Friedeburg	Misc 53	Hamburg	10- 5-1875
Herschel	228	Hamburg	27- 6-1875
Shakespeare	247	Hamburg	7-10-1875
Terpsichore	256	Hamburg	15-11-1875
Gutenburg	258	Hamburg	18-12-1875
Fritz Reuter	Misc 51	Hamburg	12- 4-1876

ALSO : Zealandia 231 7/75 3N; Hourah 233 7/75 3S; Soukar 243 10/75 1S;

LIST EXCLUDES SHIPS NOT SPONSORED BY THE NEW ZEALAND GOVERNMENT.

Port of departure London may often actually be Gravesend.

The reference numbers in Column 2 are those for National Archives, Wellington, where actual passenger lists may be researched.

PORT ARRIVAL	DATE ARRIVAL	EMIGRANTS FROM					EMIGRANTS SETTLED AT
		D	N	S	SLES	TOT	
Wellington	5- 2-1871		49	4			Palmerston, Manawatu
Wellington	21- 3-1871	56	1	18			Palmerston, Manawatu
Wellington	9- 3-1872	37	39	3	4	113	Mauriceville
Wellington	27- 7-1872	73				243	Mauriceville
Lyttelton	30- 8-1872	83	57	2		241	Canterbury
Napier	15- 9-1872		354			354	Norsewood and Dannevir
Napier	15- 9-1872	79				240	Dannevirke
Otago	9-12-1872	158	Scandinavians			270	Otago
Lyttelton	28-12-1872		8			120	Mauriceville
Lyttelton	5- 1-1873	25				198	Canterbury
Wellington	7- 3-1873	35	22			224	Eketahuna
Wellington	14- 7-1873	109				337	Mauriceville
Lyttelton	18- 9-1873	133				340	Canterbury
Lyttelton	4-10-1873	4				154	
Lyttelton	15-11-1873	52		15		252	Canterbury
Napier	1-12-1873		377			377	Norsewood
Otago	29-11-1873	2				219	Otago
Wellington	28-12-1873	43		1		210	
Lyttelton	31-12-1873	18	4			317	Canterbury
Napier	2- 2-1874	51	6			217	Hawke's Bay
Wellington	2- 2-1874		1			323	
Napier	8- 3-1874	55	5			274	Hawke's Bay
Otago	5- 3-1874	5	2	2		427	Otago
Lyttelton	26- 4-1874	1					Canterbury
Otago	12- 4-1874	2				294	Otago
Auckland	22- 6-1874	68				367	Auckland
Otago	17- 7-1874	2	1			495	Otago
Wellington	30- 8-1874	2				409	
Auckland	23- 7-1874		78			427	Auckland
Napier	27- 7-1874			50		432	Hawke's Bay
Nelson	13- 8-1874			1		341	
Wellington	6- 8-1874	141		2	24	326	Mauriceville
Wellington	11-10-1874	11				418	
Lyttelton	25-10-1874	54		20	9	136	Canterbury
Nelson	26-10-1874		4			220	
Auckland	26-12-1874		1			419	
Napier	5- 1-1875		14			348	
Otago	9- 1-1875	3	Finland			136	
Wellington	22- 1-1875	195		61	28	387	
Otago	30- 1-1875	2				302	
Napier	18- 3-1875	284	Scandinavians			332	Hawke's Bay
Auckland	13- 5-1875		1			209	
Wellington	11- 7-1875	86		47		420	
Lyttelton	1- 8-1875		2			241	
Napier	24- 8-1875	73	c23	c12		289	H Bay - many names
Wellington	23-10-1875	47	8	12		251	obliterated
Wellington	23- 1-1876	88	17	25		393	
Wellington	18- 3-1876	72	5	5		397	
Wellington	23- 3-1876	15	18	1	1	164	
Wellington	7- 8-1876	45	16	9		?	

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This is not an exhaustive list of all people mentioned in the book; it gives only the names of those written about in some detail.

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